Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS SEPTEMBER 16, 1950

R ING
PI TORY

By J UTTON

SR 9/16/50 40-7-13
TUSCULUM COLLEGE 10/
LIBRARY
GREENEVILLE TENN
40-7-22

Louis Fischer, author of "The Life of Mahatma Gandhi." (See page 11)

SEP 20 '50

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

Literary Lodestone

100 Years of California Writing

By DIXON WECTER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robert Standish does it again!!

FOLLOW the SEVENTH MAN

WHAT HAPPENS to a white man in the alien and demoralizing tropics? And to an Oriental who attempts to graft Western civilization on to the age-old culture of the East? Robert Standish, who treated these questions so powerfully in his best-selling *Elephant Walk*, presents them even more dramatically in his new novel.

This is the story of Selim, potentate of a Malayan kingdom, with unplumbed depths of cruelty and guile beneath the polish of his British education; of Peter Rumbold, the young Englishman who comes to serve as his civil adviser; and of Peter's lovely wife, Susan, whom Selim secretly hates—and covets. In exotic Zimbatan, these three become involved in a tense situation that reaches a terrifying climax. $3.00

Sagebrush Circuit

KENDRICK STRONG went out West to preach —but he did everything from skinning sheep to winning the liar's contest at the Old Settlers' Picnic. You'll enjoy his entertaining account of rugged adventures and his battle with a pretty girl revivalist for the souls of the ranchers. $2.50

Time of Hope

C. P. SNOW. Of the many fine reviews which greeted this novel, Orville Prescott's is typical: "Dr. Snow is one of the ablest of currently productive English novelists... This is a true, human and wise book." It is about a sensitive young barrister, his professional and personal life. $3.50

"Assured of many delighted readers."
— LONDON TIMES

The Other Day

DOROTHY WHIPPLE, author of *The Priory* and *Because of the Lockwoods*, tells the story of her first twelve years, capturing to perfection the intense world of childhood. Here is an unpretentious, poignant, and tenderly humorous book of recollections, with a charm and freshness that will enchant the reader. $2.50

THESE ARE A FEW OF THE MANY FINE BOOKS ON THE MACMILLAN COMPANY'S FALL LIST. They are available at your bookstore

The Wonder of All the Gay World

JAMES BARKE tells of Robert Burns's hour of glory in Edinburgh in the third of his novels based on the poet's life and loves. "One feels that... this is the way the Scottish poet acted and thought, loved and hated, talked to his many friends and his women."—John Cournos, *New York Times.* $3.50

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

September 16, 1950

Cover Painting by G. Samuel
with background by Hal McIntosh

Article

Page

LITERARY LODESTONE
By Dixon Wecter..... 9

Reviews

THE LIFE OF MAHATMA GANDHI
Reviewed by Eduard C. Lindeman..11

REPRIEVE FROM WAR
Reviewed by Walter Johnson.....12

GREAT MISTAKES OF THE WAR
Reviewed by Harry C. Butcher.....13

BOLD NEW PROGRAM
Reviewed by C. E. Ayres.....14

THE ESCAPE
Reviewed by Robert Pick.....15

THE SHORT STORIES OF CONRAD AIKEN
Reviewed by Edward J. Fitzgerald..16

REPRISAL
Reviewed by Harrison Smith.....17

THE THOUSAND DEATHS OF MR. SMALL
Reviewed by W. R. Burnett.....17

GET A HORSE!
Reviewed by W. C. Richards.....18

THE STORY OF A STANLEY STEAMER
Reviewed by Roger Butterfield.....19

THE GALLANT HOOD
Reviewed by Thomas Robson Hay..20

SPRINGTIME IN PARIS
Reviewed by Martin Blumenson....21

YOUNG MAN OF PARIS
Reviewed by Elliot Paul.....21

HAPLY I MAY REMEMBER
Reviewed by Julia Davis.....25

ANYBODY CAN DO ANYTHING
Reviewed by Josephine Lawrence..26

RISE UP AND WALK
Reviewed by Betsey Barton.....27

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

EDITORIAL 22

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....24

LITERARY I. Q.....28

PUBLISHERS' CORNER
By J. K. Lasser.....29

LITERARY CRYPT 30

SRL GOES TO THE MOVIES
By Merle Miller.....32

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL
By Horace Sutton.....34

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
By Mary Gould Davis.....42

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....44

NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman.....46

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 860.....50

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXIII, No. 37, Sept. 16, 1950. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1950 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS
Publishers of Fine Books for over Four Centuries

SCHOLAR, critic, and tireless reader—the historian of literature must be all of these. In the United States he is almost certain, besides, to be a teacher who must somehow fit these other labors into the sabbatical leaves, the summer vacations, and what is left of his evenings after assignments have been outlined and papers corrected.

For the literary historian not even dates are secure—a letter discovered, a new conjecture aired, may upset an entire chronology and make re-interpretation necessary. Still more ticklish to cope with is the climate of opinion, which from one generation to another is in a state of continual change, and in which the reputations of authors even long dead fall, rise, and fall again.

The first duty of the literary historian is to be reliable; his second, if he has any concern for his readers, is to be interesting—to convey, that is, not only knowledge but feeling concerning his subject. These two qualities are the same ones required of a good college textbook, and it is our pleasure to announce a new single-volume history of English literature, designed for the use of college students, which fulfills them both. The work of four scholars who are also distinguished teachers, it will occupy an important place among the textbooks from Oxford University Press that have found an audience outside the classroom.

A History of English Literature

By HARDIN CRAIG, *General Editor,* GEORGE K. ANDERSON, LOUIS I. BREDVOLD, *and* JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

Based on the most recent scholarship, this is a readable and authoritative account of English literature from its Anglo-Saxon beginnings down to the first World War. The aim of the authors, all ranking scholars in their respective fields, has been to produce a book which, while factually comprehensive enough to serve as a reference work, would also be a compact and manageable volume for the student and general reader. The book includes a map of England and select but extensive biographies. 712 pages. $8.00

Textbooks from the Oxford list

THE GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC
By Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager
(Fourth edition in preparation) Two volumes $13.00

ELEMENTS OF DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT. *By* J. A. Corry $3.75

WHAT IS MATHEMATICS? *By* Richard Courant and Herbert Robbins $6.50

FREE GOVERNMENT IN THE MAKING. *By* Alpheus Thomas Mason $6.00

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS: READINGS AND DOCUMENTS
By Norman Hill $4.50

At all bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

THE BREEZES and the ocean at Cape Cod this summer were never more invigorating, but, as everybody remarked within a day of arrival, there simply was no way of escaping the feeling that we were doing things on borrowed time—that an inexorable fate was closing down upon us. It did help to read Korean news in only one paper instead of six or seven, to slam off the radio the very moment one of those sepulchral commentators started pontificating, and to keep as busy as possible with games and physical exercise. Just as we were becoming really engrossed in the baseball-pennant scramble or a double-crostic, however, the sound of booming guns in nearby Fort Edwards would reverberate, or a formation of jets would wing through the blue sky overhead, and the pall would descend again. . . . The *Richmond News Leader* got an inkling of its public's general air of uneasiness when it received this note from a local tailoring expert: "Please stop printing maps showing the Korean war lines of battle superimposed over this and nearby states for comparison. My best presser left without notice for three days to get his two sisters away from their home in Enfield, North Carolina, since the map showed the Communists were only a few miles away." . . . The fact that the North Koreans have no recognized leaders people in America can even identify accentuates the impression that we are not fighting anything human, but mechanical men, pulled on strings held by imponderable forces in Moscow. It gives one the same heart-sinking sensation that comes from facing an unknown danger in the dark. . . .

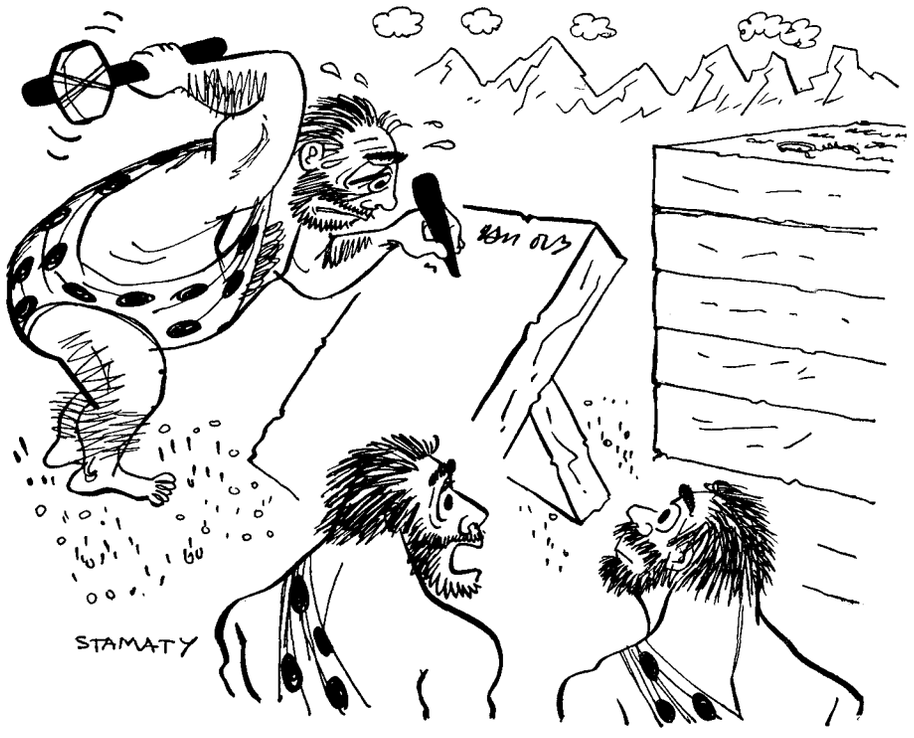
IN PAST CRISES Americans have erred, if at all, on the side of overconfidence. Now I wonder if we are not ludicrously overestimating the power, the Machiavellian cunning, and the all-around ability of the Kremlin hierarchy. A book that I read in Provincetown, Victor Serge's "The Case of Comrade Tulayev," gave me a heartening sense of the inherent weaknesses and contradictions behind that Iron Curtain. The author, Victor Serge, was himself a high-ranking official in Moscow when Trotsky was still in the saddle. Exiled first to Siberia, then to Mexico (where he died shortly after completing his powerful novel), Serge knew only too well what can happen to a Soviet big shot the moment he falls into disfavor. Important executives are not apt to function with the clear-headedness or objectivity of free men when they know that they themselves may be arbitrarily chosen as victims of a new purge at any hour of the day or night. "The Case of Comrade Tulayev" is a revelation, and will be compared inevitably—and not to its discredit—with Koestler's "Darkness at Noon." Along with "The Wall" and the soon-to-be published "The Disenchanted," "The Case of Comrade Tulayev," I think, completes a trio of novels that would make any year outstanding from a literary standpoint. In 1950, with the competition decidedly sub-par, these three books should enjoy a particularly wide readership. . . .

OTHER BOOKS that I enjoyed on my vacation include Robert Taylor's football satire "Professor Fodorski" (particularly hilarious before the halfway mark), the first of two novellas in Alberto Moravia's "Two Adolescents," Helen McCloy's thrilling, if wildly improbable, psychological murder story "Through a Glass Darkly," Owen Lattimore's controversial "Ordeal by Slander" (particularly the ringing last chapter), and Laura Hobson's "The Other Father," a finer piece of writing than, if not so engrossing, I thought, as her "Gentleman's Agreement." I also had some disappointments—two of them major—but I think I'll let you surmise for yourselves what they were. (Personal dilemma: one of them was written by a prominent author on my own list.) . . .

FOR SEVERAL DAYS Provincetown was a-buzz with the rumor that Lord Beaverbrook was going to put in for a visit on a yacht. Several of the more conservative artists were even prepared to shave off their beards and wear shoes for the occasion. The analysts considered reupholstering their summer couches, and the Left-wingers talked about another forum. Then the bubble burst. Lord Beaverbrook, it appeared, had decided to revisit his old home town of Newcastle, in New Brunswick.

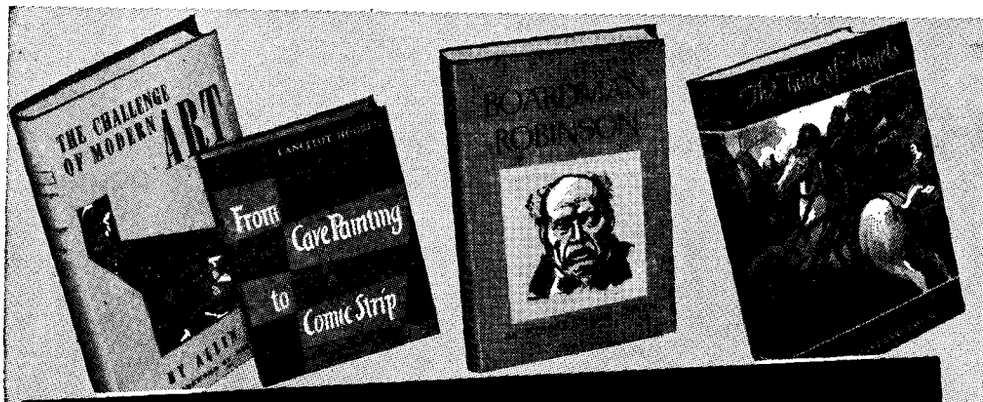
Beaverbrook today, of course, is the all-powerful power behind a chain of great British newspapers, but Newcastle remembers him as plain Max Aitken, ambitious son of a Presbyterian minister and quite definitely outside of the social swim. He engineered his first big "deal" when he was ten. A soap company offered prizes to lads who amassed the biggest collection of wrappers. Young Max took all of his savings out of the bank, bought soap by the case from the factory, and sold it piecemeal at wholesale prices with the proviso that individual purchasers turn the wrappers over to him. Needless to say, he won first prize—a bicycle—by a mile and, figuratively speaking, he's been on it ever since.

There still lives in Newcastle an aged socialite who once kept Beaverbrook from membership in a local club. This year the socialite called his



"I've never known him to get his fall list out on time."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Any of these

FREE *Distinguished Art Books*

When you join the Art Book Guild

WHAT THE ART BOOK GUILD DOES FOR YOU

We who distribute fine books invite you who appreciate art and fine books to reward your good taste. It costs you *nothing* to join the Art Book Guild. Each month the Guild's editors select an outstanding book. You pay only for the books you want, *after* you receive them, at the low, special member's price plus a small fixed mailing charge. For each four selections you buy, we send you a valuable dividend book *free*. And we also send you, free, *Art In Books*, the Guild's interesting monthly magazine. This magazine tells you about new art books and describes the next Guild selection. If you do not want to receive the forthcoming book, you simply return a printed form. You don't buy any book unless you really want it. You enroll for no fixed term and you may cancel your membership at any time after you accept four Guild selections.

SAVE NEARLY HALF ON YOUR ART BOOKS

Savings on selections run as high as 40%, sometimes even higher, on *original, beautiful* editions of truly worthwhile art books. But our supply of some of these fine books is limited. So, to make sure of joining other Guild members in their enjoyment of beauty and fine craftsmanship, fill out and mail the coupon today.

The Guild's National Advisory Board

PAUL GARDNER
Director
Nelson Gallery
Kansas City

ROCKWELL KENT
World-renowned artist

THOMAS HART BENTON
Well-known painter

WALTER PACH
Famous artist and art critic

CHOOSE ANY BOOK (OR SET) AS YOUR FREE GIFT
PLUS
ANY BOOK (OR SET) AS YOUR FIRST GUILD SELECTION

MILESTONES OF AMERICAN PAINTING IN OUR CENTURY
By Frederick S. Wight
A rich, representative introduction to American painting of the last fifty years. Thirty-eight black-and-white and twelve full-color reproductions.
and
PORTRAIT OF LATIN AMERICA
Edited By Anne Lyon Haight
155 etchings, lithographs, engravings, drypoints, monotypes, aquatints and woodcuts by 138 artists.
List Price for Set: $10.00
Member's Price: $6.50

BOARDMAN ROBINSON
By Albert Christ-Janer
A superbly executed book, 9½ x 13 inches, designed by Warren Chappel. The record of how a sincere artist has developed his genius. With 9 four-color plates, 115 black-and-white halftones and 17 zincs.
List Price: $15.00
Member's Price: $7.75

JOAN MIRO
By Clement Greenberg
The career and aesthetics of the untamed Spaniard who helped create cubism. Six color plates and more than 100 monochromes enrich this large, handsome, revised edition.
List Price: $7.50
Member's Price: $5.25

CEZANNE
By Bernard Dorival
A magnificent library book; more than 180 full page plates. 24 in full color tipped in by hand. 8¾ x 10¾ inches. A revealing analysis of the master's development.
List Price: $12.50
Member's Price: $6.00

THE TASTE OF ANGELS
By Francis Henry Taylor
An exquisite example of bookmaking; 661 pages; more than 100 plates in full color and black and white. Stories of great art collections from the early Egyptians to Napoleon, and the thrilling intrigues of their high-placed "angels."
List Price: $10.00
Member's Price: $6.25

FROM CAVE PAINTING TO COMIC STRIP
By Lancelot Hogben
Starting with the cave-man artist, the popular author traces the fascinating development of picture-communication. More than 200 illustrations, many in color.
and
THE CHALLENGE OF MODERN ART
By Allen Leepa
A respected critic's conception of the revised aesthetics that modern art has brought about. Many diagrams; fine reproductions of works of art.
List Price For Set: $11.00
Member's Price: $6.75

THE ART BOOK GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., DEPT. SR-1
296 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

● Check ONE book (or set) you want FREE ● Check ONE other book (or set) you want for your FIRST SELECTION.

Free Dividend		First Selection
☐	Milestones of American Painting / Portrait of Latin America $6.50	☐
☐	Boardman Robinson $7.75	☐
☐	Joan Miro $5.25	☐
☐	Cezanne $6.00	☐
☐	The Taste of Angels $6.25	☐
☐	Cave Painting to Comic Strip / The Challenge of Modern Art $6.75	☐

Please enroll me as a member. Send me the free dividend book and the first selection I have checked at the special member's price plus 38c mailing charge. I agree to purchase at least four monthly selections each year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription at any time after taking four such books.

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Luccock-Hillyer Walpole-Holmes

Quicken the Current

New poems by

Mary Cummings Eudy

These poems, concrete and crystal-clear, were written out of deep spiritual experience. Their message is one of reassurance and comfort, as the following comments from leaders in many fields testify:

HALFORD E. LUCCOCK, *Yale Divinity School:* "The most exciting union of thought and form that I have seen in many years."

ROBERT HILLYER, *Kenyon College:* "I believe they may have a popular success comparable to Gilbran's prose poems. They speak to many."

HUGH R. WALPOLE, *University of Chicago:* "Here are poems you or I would have written—if we possessed the gift. They are alive and concrete and they belong to the future."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Minister of the Community Church, New York:* "What Mrs. Eudy can do with words is almost a miracle. Vivid ideas set forth with flaming beauty . . . a precious contribution to our literature."

PAUL WAGNER, *Pres. Rollins College:* "Pedants and poets alike should study Mrs. Eudy's genius for saying so much so clearly with wit and penetration."

DR. G. PAUL BUTLER, *New York Mirror:* "This poet writes with the feel in her soul of People, of Nature and Truth. This collection of modern poetry will delight you."

At all bookstores • $2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

"Of course I'm listening to you. You said Natalie Trafford has to have another operation for a slipped spinal disc, while her husband, John, is up for trial for the trouble he got into at the bank last January when the auditors turned up some discrepancies. Her mother refuses to have anything to do with him because of the way he treated her in the past. No one knows who'll take care of the three children, one of them by a previous marriage, because John doesn't want to leave them with his people, and you think it's a shame."

lordship on the evening of his arrival and asked for the privilege of giving a dinner in his honor. "That's not possible, thank you," answered Beaverbrook in his silkiest voice, and could not resist adding, "you see, I'm expected to rejoin the King and Queen." . . .

TOLD ON THE BEACH. . . . Mrs. Nussbaum paused on her way down West End Avenue to admire the occupant of the baby carriage her old friend Mrs. Cohen was rocking gently to and fro. "Is a fine baby," enthused Mrs. Nussbaum. "How old?" Mrs. Cohen answered, "He was six last Tuesday." Mrs. Nussbaum registered shock and exclaimed, "Six years old and still in a baby carriage? How could that be?" The occupant of the carriage regarded her malevolently and demanded, "Lady, am I bothering you?" . . .

Mr. Malcolm's wife had been dead for a full year, and still the bereaved widower showed no signs of recovering his spirits. Alarmed friends persuaded him to consult an analyst. After a long talk the analyst said, "No wonder you're melancholy! A man of your age needs some female companionship!" Malcolm protested that this would make him unfaithful to the memory of his departed wife, but the analyst scoffed, "Nonsense! The living cannot exist on memories. Get yourself a girl. I prescribe this as your doctor." Half convinced, Malcolm announced sheepishly that he didn't even know a girl. "That's easily remedied," said the analyst, reaching for a pad and pencil. "Just take this slip to Mary McGuire at 932 East 62nd Street, and she'll be glad to go out with you."

Mr. Malcolm found Miss McGuire's company satisfactory in every respect. As he was bidding her an affectionate adieu she reminded him, "Most of my boy friends leave a little gift. Shall we say twenty-five dollars?" Mr. Malcolm was rather taken aback but rallied quickly. "Okay," he said, "here's the twenty-five, but I'd like a written receipt if you don't mind. I belong to the Blue Shield health plan, and they take care of all my medical expenses."

—Bennett Cerf.

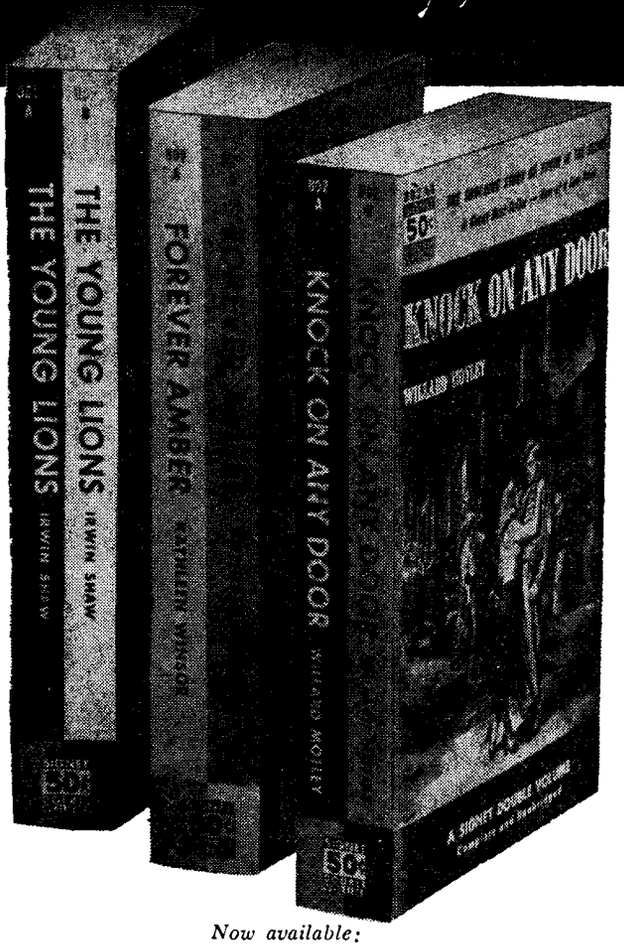
Boy and North Star

By Anobel Armour

NO STAR but the North Star,
None at all,
Can make a lean boy dream so far
And stand so tall.
Advised by it, he knows
The seven seas
And how a high and salt wind blows,
That these
Will all be his that day
When the home sill
Is left behind, his way
Climbs the green hill.
No star but one,
No other,
Can lift him to where school is done
And wind his brother.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No book is too long anymore for handy, low-priced editions



Now available:

KNOCK ON ANY DOOR
by Willard Motley

FOREVER AMBER
by Kathleen Winsor

Coming November:

THE YOUNG LIONS
by Irwin Shaw

Signet DOUBLE VOLUMES only 50¢

NOW AT LAST outstanding best sellers, too long to fit into the conventional 25¢ format—but too important to withhold from the enormous audience for low-priced editions of fine books, are available for the first time at popular prices in *Signet* DOUBLE VOLUMES.

The millions who buy *Signet* and *Mentor* books will find these *Signet* DOUBLE VOLUMES on display at newsstands and bookstores everywhere. DOUBLE VOLUMES are part of the well-known *Signet* and *Mentor* series which have brought such distinguished authors as William Faulkner, James T. Farrell, Erskine Caldwell, Alfred North Whitehead, Margaret Mead, James Joyce, George Orwell, James M. Cain, Arthur Koestler, John Steinbeck, and Lillian Smith to the paper reprint field.

Each DOUBLE VOLUME will be more than 600 pages long—or about *three times* the length of the regular 25¢ reprint. *Signet* DOUBLE VOLUMES are readily identifiable in bookstores and on newsstands by the ingenious "two-book-look" of the backbone.

Have you discovered these recent SIGNET GIANTS?

Extra long, extra important books

Over 400 pages each complete and unabridged 35¢

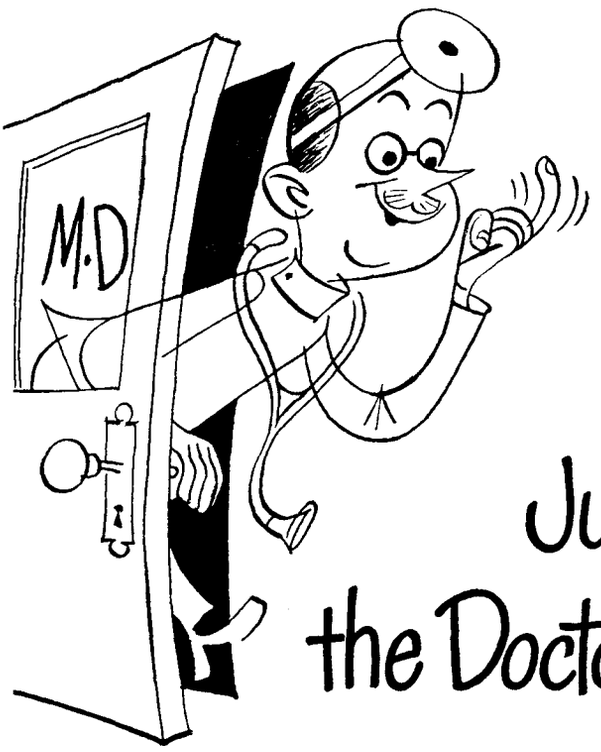
NATIVE SON • **ARCH OF TRIUMPH**

by Richard Wright — *by Erich Maria Remarque*

Keep posted on the entire list of distinguished *Signet* and *Mentor* reprints now available at 25¢, 35¢, 50¢. Send for your free catalogue to: The New American Library of World Literature, 501 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

The New American Library of World Literature Inc. . . . Good Reading for the Millions

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Just what the Doctor Ordered

A side light on the American meat industry

He really doesn't want a *whole* critter on the hoof—not that he wouldn't like to convert him into steaks and roasts for his home freezer.

What "Doc" does want are certain parts of the steer that *ain't eatin' meat.* In the meat industry they call them by-products.

Altogether the doctor has available more than 50 products of meat animal origin, including insulin, thyroid, liver extract, surgical sutures, hormones—and he's looking forward to several new "wonder drugs" that are still in the research stage.

Making these products generally available is no small order. The pancreas glands of 1,500 cattle or 7,500 pigs, for example, are required to make one ounce of insulin.

The only practical way of saving these millions of tiny glands is provided by America's meat packing companies.

Even healthy folks, who have no need for any of the medicines of animal origin, gain by the packers' policy of saving "everything but the squeal." Saving and selling by-products helps offset a sizable share of the costs of processing the number-one product—meat.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

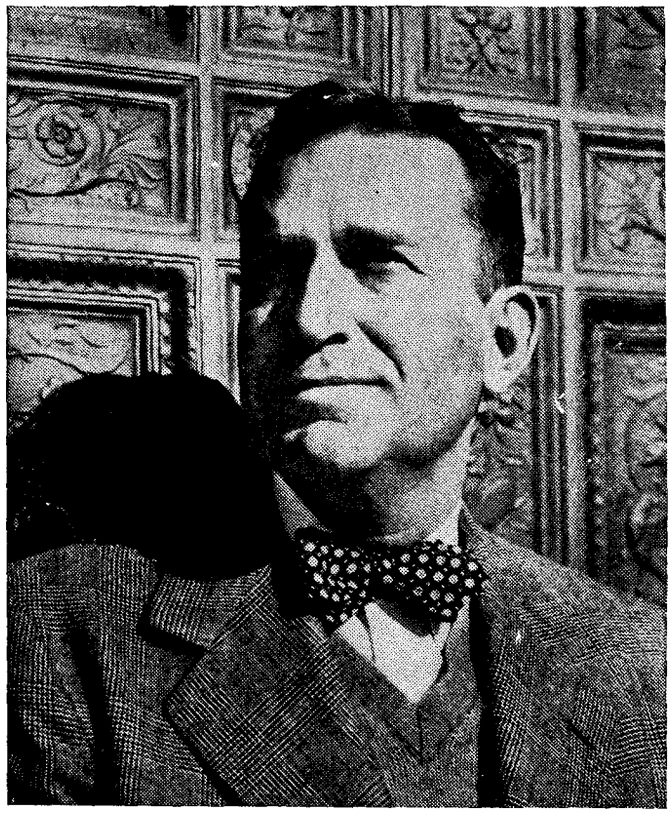
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Literary Lodestone

100 Years of California Writing

DIXON WECTER



—Wendland.

Dixon Wecter: "Was not the original Parnassus set in a land of bright skies and blue water?"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following essay is the last finished work of the late Dixon Wecter, professor of history at the University of California and frequent contributor to* SRL. *Mr. Wecter read the essay at a banquet of the California State Centennial Commission and the California Library Association at Sacramento a few hours before his death on June 24 at the age of forty-four. It was written to commemorate the centenary of the admission of California to the union on September 9.*

TO REVIEW a century of writing in California, on this its hundredth anniversary as a state, is to march upon the double-quick. Barely to enumerate authors and titles would give the lie to a theory sometimes put forth that literature is generally the introspective product of dark winters and dour climates, as in Europe and New England, where the creative imagination sprouts like potatoes in a cellar. A land of sunlight, where the Darwinian struggle for survival seems muted, can also become a seat of the muses and nursery of poets. Was not the original Parnassus set in a land of bright skies and mild blue water? The flowering of New England sprang from stony soil, after a long Puritan frost. But the flowering of California was lush, spectacular, sudden—a kind of floral madness, watered in the beginning by the *aurum notabile* of the Gold Rush, yet nourished through the years by a cultural humus that has grown steadily richer, down to the current crop of Robinson Jeffers, John Steinbeck, William Saroyan, and hosts of others, including cross-pollination of the blooms by nonnatives as varied as Upton Sinclair, Aldous Huxley, and the exotics of Hollywood.

Following the long, gracious somnolence of Spanish-Mexican rule came the annexation of this territory, and then the delirious Gold Rush. It was a new kind of American frontier. Others had taken long to achieve mere subsistence: Indian wars, forests to clear and sod to break, the first crops staggered by starving times. The average pioneer had been a simple man whose hands better fitted the contour of rifle and plow than that of pen and composing-stick; beyond the Bible and almanac he had little time for the printed word. Furthermore, in so far as the Ohio Valley, the prairies of Illinois, and the future corn lands of Iowa possessed a literary culture, it had been engrafted from New England by the more enterprising settler, Yankee school-master, book peddler, and preacher.

But the civilization of California sprang up full-grown, self-assured, more than a shade sophisticated. President Edward Everett of Harvard might exhort Boston emigrants lured by the Gold Rush on the Pacific Coast to go "with the Bible in one hand and your New England civilization in the other, and make your mark on the people and country"; but the field of forces was much too cosmopolitan: Spanish and Catholic, Middle Atlantic states no less than the Old South, tinctures of Britain and Russia and France and China and Australia. California was the heir of many cultures, the copy of none. Footloose men from all states and most nations flocked to the diggings. The intelligent, highly cultivated jostled elbows with the rough and ready. The unlucky often laid aside pick and pan to try their hand at trade, politics, journalism, literature.

TAKING the necessities of life for granted, California's frontier soon demanded the luxuries and graces. A free-spending generation bartered the precious dust not only for champagne at the Lick House and brownstone palaces on Russian Hill in San Francisco, but also for old masters, rare books, grand opera. A passion for the arts radiated from the Bay region into remote mining camps. Miners supported a lively theatre circuit from Rabbit Creek to Mariposa and drew the best that gold could buy. On Sundays miners held their own debating societies and freely swapped books and magazines. Some, of course, were

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Pierre Brissaud, New York Public Library Collection.

"The written word flourished on a scale never seen before in any frontier society."

parvenus who reckoned culture by weight and bulk and gilding or recognized beauty chiefly when certified by convention. Wealth meant a new stake in gentility. After Sandy Bowers struck it rich and built his palace on the western edge of Washoe, a visitor called his attention to the empty music racks of all the grand pianos throughout the house. So Sandy telegraphed his New York agent: "Send me sheet music—one of every kind." But such naivete often pressed beyond social vanity in its aspiration after the better life, an enlarged opportunity for one's children. This was the impulse that raised a bumper crop of schools, colleges, academies, institutes, and public libraries in the West with astonishing speed.

AGAINST such a background—cosmopolitan, restless, ambitious—it was inevitable that reading, writing, and reporting of this new life in the West should loom large. And since the first generation of California literature was recruited wholly from non-natives, who discovered powers most of them never attained before or after that dazzling experience, it is clear that a special stimulus came from the heady life of this frontier, a communicable excitement. The best talents were young expatriates from staid communities and various sorts of provincialism: Bret Harte from Albany; Sam Clemens from Hannibal, Missouri, by way of Virginia City, Nevada; Joaquin Miller from Liberty, Indiana, by way of Oregon; Ambrose Bierce from Horse Cave Creek, Ohio; Edward Rowland Sill from Windsor, Connecticut, and rural Ohio; Charles Warren Stoddard from Rochester, New York; Prentice Mulford from Sag Harbor, Long Island; George Horatio Derby ("John Phoenix") from Dedham, Massachusetts, and Ina Coolbrith from Kirtland, Ohio, by way of Los Angeles. The written word flourished on a scale never seen before in any frontier society. As early as 1850 San Francisco was keeping fifty printers at work. By the middle of that decade the city boasted more newspapers than did London, more books published than all the rest of the trans-Mississippi put together.

The very names of newspapers published in the mining camps testify to a certain blithe spirit and imagination —like the *Wine, Women, and Song Journal, Miner's Spy Glass, Satan's Bassoon.* Traces of the debonair if not the diabolical are slightly counterbalanced by the first durable literary weekly, the Reverend Mr. Douglas's *Pacific*, started in 1851, with its slogan: "First Pure then Peaceable." In the main his were *not* the keynotes of literary journalism in the West, where gusto and occasional ribaldry were permitted in a world mainly of men without women, while personal insult was whetted to a fine art, not infrequently leading to fisticuffs and the more refined satisfaction of the code duello. Notable magazines of polite and impolite letters—*The Pioneer, Golden Era, Hesperian, Californian, Overland Monthly,* and a little later Ambrose Bierce's *Wasp*—flourished awhile and even in dying enriched the top soil from which successors sprang. And almost every daily paper had its high-flown essays, humorous skits, and poet's corner. Around the Mother Lode and the Comstock Lode over in Washoe redshirted miners—especially when in their cups—loved to hold hot argument over the merits of rival bards like Joe Goodman and Rollin Daggett or solemnly ballot in a poet-of-the-day contest. This was a nest of singing birds. The first slim collection of California verse, "Outcroppings," gathered by Bret Harte in 1865, recognizing nineteen poets, overlooked so many "thousands" (as a contemporary reports) that it caused a literary riot, and a sequel, "The Poetry of the Pacific," in 1866, which ran up the list to seventy-five, omitted only Bret Harte among writers of repute.

The first major figure in California literature was of course Bret Harte, a mixture of three-fifths genius and two-fifths pure fudge. A romantic, he remade California into a theatre populated by angels with dirty faces, prostitutes pure in heart, gamblers ready to stake their lives for the common good and lose with a smile. A born storyteller, with the fluency of a literary gamin, Harte did not lack personal courage—as in writing a scorching editorial on the shores of Humboldt Bay at the age of twenty-three about the massacre of some helpless Indians at imminent risk to his own neck. The laureate of the Old West, he belonged paradoxically to that class held in most universal detestation, the dude. With his silken black mustaches and sideburns, pale, dark face, and an effeminate figure apparently buttressed by the corsets which his enemies publicized, he first appeared on the Mother Lode as a young man fresh from a tramp of forty rugged miles in patent-leather shoes, carrying a morocco dressing-case and a second-hand revolver. He later claimed that on going into the first saloon he had the whiskey glass shattered from his hand by a bullet. Bret Harte was always one to improve upon nature. It was said that he had to be seen to be believed and heard to be disbelieved. In the beginning he thought the California milieu a "hard, ugly, unwashed, vulgar, and lawless era." But shortly he discovered how to work upon it his dependable miracle of prettification and soon became a professional argonaut. By the very act of creating his puppet show of stock characters and pat situations, Bret Harte assimilated that vital, complex life ebullient to Eastern and European palates and in his own way rendered valuable service.

Once, perhaps only once, did he fail the demands of California's already emergent optimism. For two years the regents of the University of California refused to approve Harte's appointment to the English Department at Berkeley, because of some inno-

(*Continued on page 37*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World. *While the role of the Monday-morning quarterback has ever been an attractive one for students of political affairs, it is especially alluring today. In the past the crises through which the world passed were spaced far enough apart to make discussions of "mistakes made" and "lessons learned" largely academic. Now they come at such a swift and unflagging pace that many of the lessons of World War II are already cogent to current problems. Thus Lionel Gelber's "Reprieve from War" and Hanson Baldwin's "Great Mistakes of the War" assess American policy of the past decades with an eye to the future. The sudden appearance of the Korean crisis, however, appears to have made many of the admirable suggestions Willard R. Espy offers in "Bold New Program" academic—at least for the immediate future. Very apropos to the violence of the moment is Louis Fischer's excellent "The Life of Mahatma Gandhi."*

God-driven Man of India

THE LIFE OF MAHATMA GANDHI. By Louis Fischer. New York: Harper & Bros. 553 pp. $5.

By EDUARD C. LINDEMAN

INDEPENDENT India has introduced a new note in world affairs. The words of India's representatives constitute diplomacy in a new key. They persist in saying that the relations between nations may be understood, and therefore resolved, only when regarded as instances of morality. This is precisely what Mahatma Gandhi had been saying for more than thirty years. It is a formula of utter simplicity: do not ever assume that human problems may be resolved through the use of force and violence, when legalism itself enslaves you practise civil disobedience, and in all affairs keep your means as nearly as possible consonant with your ends. This is the sum and substance of Gandhian morality both as belief and guide to action. Since he was the person who invoked this method in our time (Socrates, Jesus, Tolstoy, and Thoreau held similar views) and became its international exemplar, it becomes necessary to understand how this disturbing innovator became what he was, how he achieved such extraordinary power over his people, and finally why he continues to be a haunting influence in the world.

Many British statesmen considered the Gandhian method an example of ridiculous ethics. Besides, when put into action it invariably turned out to be extremely bad manners. Nehru's current proposal to deal with the Korean situation as though it were a moral equation and therefore susceptible to discussion rather than force appears to many Americans in the same light. Nehru irritates us in much the same manner Gandhi irritated the British in South Africa and in India during almost a half-century of time. Morality when it is simple and actually practised is invariably annoying.

Louis Fischer, who perhaps knew Gandhi as intimately as any American, has undertaken to show us how greatness took hold of this little man and made of him one of the world's most striking personalities. It is a tortuous story. Gandhi's life forms a pattern of paradox, contradiction, and anomaly; and in these respects it was a true projection of India itself. He was a mystic, a God-driven man, and at the same time an empirical politician. He could be affectionately tender toward numerous disciples and a cruel taskmaster to his own wife and children. His youthful overindulgence in sex culminated in celibacy after the age of thirty-seven. His stubbornness was matched by an enigmatic malleability. At one stage of his career he behaved like an imitation of a British dandy and at another like a poverty-stricken untouchable. His movement had the revolutionary intent of transforming Hindu society and was financed in large measure by wealthy industrialists. Perhaps this cryptical quality of Gandhi was never more sharply expressed than in that famous epigram of one of his most devoted followers, the gifted poet Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, who is reported to have said: "If Gandhiji only knew how much it costs us to keep him in poverty!"

How far does Louis Fischer succeed in explaining this puzzling man in a loincloth who caused a vast empire to tremble and who sticks like a burr in the conscience of the contemporary world? In seeking an answer to this question (and this seems to me an

THE AUTHOR: It is through no parochial bias for one of its most valued political critics that *SRL* for the third time in as many years accords Louis Fischer cover position. His books—and the one opposite is fourteenth—always manage to shadow others released the same week. Thus it is no revelation to the reader of this doily—or, somewhat more importantly, his own autobiography, "Men and Politics,"—that Mr. Fischer is a man whose idealism and zest for interrogation have propelled him to exotic vistas—the most disillusioning of which was a prolonged residence in Russia as *The Nation*'s Soviet correspondent. What the former Philadelphia schoolteacher makes of the USSR has been graphed periodically throughout three decades, most recently as contributor to "The God That Failed" and editor of "13 Who Fled." Other publications have dispatched him to Germany, England, France, Austria, Italy, Turkey, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and India. At the last he found his true beacon, initially reported in "A Week with Gandhi" and further weighed in "Gandhi and Stalin." Not surprisingly, the great leader's assassination January 30, 1948, moved Fischer to undertake the present monument. He spent three months in India that year perusing the Mahatma's correspondence and diaries. He interviewed his doctors, disciples, and youngest son; Nehru, Patel, and Rajagopalachari. Gandhi's eldest son, Manilal, traveled from South Africa to New York to contribute of his reminiscences. "I just let them talk," he muses. India's deputy prime minister sent a group of researchers to Gandhi's home town to unearth what they could there. Fischer himself gathered bound copies of *Young India* and *Harijan*, edited by Gandhi, as well as other rare memorabilia, all of which he has donated to the New York Public Library—"almost certainly the richest collection of Gandhiana in the United States." The actual writing extended over twenty-one months, but Fischer, now relaxing from it, is satisfied that it is his "most important, most mature book."—R. G.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

important question to ask of a modern biographer), one must first of all examine the tools that he uses. He does not, some readers may be happy to learn, overwork psychiatric terms and labels. This would indeed be difficult to do with a person who practises no concealment of his guilt feelings. Fully one-half of Louis Fischer's account is the result of his skill as reporter and this is by all odds the better half. His Gandhi is revealed as a real person involved in real events. Gandhi's strategic showmanship appeals to Louis Fischer's sense of drama and he makes the most of it. But his "Life of Mahatma Gandhi" is more than a biography, more than an attempt to bring time, place, and person into meaningful conjunction. In this instance, as in many others where the biographer is a partisan, the author's principle aim has been to interpret those subtle and internal qualities that combine to form greatness.

Louis Fischer wants his readers to believe in Gandhi. "Only those who have no doubts can reject Gandhi completely," he exclaims. It is thus his intention to make Gandhi's philosophy and method both clear and persuasive. He strives to make Gandhi human at the very moment when his Indian followers seem intent upon his deification. He furnishes detailed information regarding the practice of civil disobedience. The technique of fasting, which the British Viceroy Linlithgow characterized as a "form of political blackmail," becomes in Fischer's hands a sublime example of heroism. The dynamics of Gandhi's unprecedented leadership over millions of Indian minds and hearts is interpreted as a consequence of an intuitive talent. He listened to the voice of God and when his hearing was good he knew exactly what to do. The voice of reason was by comparison weak and fallible. These are all fascinating interpretations and they make the reading of these pages an exciting experience. I was left with certain curiosities and hungers still unsatisfied. I want to know more about this politician who held politics in contempt, this statesman who disbelieved in the state, this religionist without a church, this astute organizer who had faith only in individuals.

Near the close Louis Fischer in a sorrowful mood writes: "Gandhi was too great to succeed. His goals were too high, his followers too human and frail." It is because I share some of this feeling that I have refrained from speaking about Gandhi's role in liberating India. His career ended upon a note of sheer tragedy, not because he was assassinated by an overzealous Hindu but rather because his goal, a united and free India, was frustrated at the last. The partition of India into two states was the consequence of religious bigotry and dogmatism, the very evils against which Gandhi has fought so valiantly. Independence had been achieved through the use of nonviolent means but at the moment of liberation violence between Hindus and Moslems erupted with terrifying fury. There is embedded in this tragic consummation a lesson which absolute pacifists and absolutists of all brands might contemplate with sobriety.

Eduard C. Lindeman, professor of social philosophy at the New York School of Social Work of Columbia University, was visiting professor at the University of Delhi, India, in 1949.

"I think you had better shave off your beard, Aegae—people are beginning to stare."

For Power Politics

REPRIEVE FROM WAR: A Manual for Realists. By Lionel Gelber. New York: The Macmillan Co. 196 *pp.* $3.

By Walter Johnson

THE UNITED STATES today, as the Korean crisis has demonstrated, finds itself in a completely different position from any time in its history. During crises in the past—like 1914 and 1939—the United States could delay action while others bore the first brunt of aggression. Now, however, the United States must assume the role of the primary protector of the West against aggression. Although Mr. Gelber's new book was written before American action in Korea, he predicted what actually happened when he observed: "Henceforth, and whoever fires the first shot, she [America] would be embroiled as a principal belligerent from the outset."

As a student of history and author of "The Rise of Anglo-American Friendship" (1938) and "Peace by Power" (1942), Mr. Gelber presents a shrewd analysis of the power structure of the world today and of the role of the United States in that power situation. "It is the paradox of American power on the contemporary scene," he notes, "that if the United States had been less passive in the 1920's and 1930's, she could afford to be less active in the 1950's."

Mr. Gelber is particularly concerned with the misunderstandings current in American thinking over words like power, power politics, and spheres of influence. "Those who reject the concept of a power balance, continental or intercontinental," he declares, "have yet to demonstrate how else the liberties of Europe, and thus our own, could, among the urgencies of the hour, again be preserved."

Although Mr. Gelber states that you cannot have freedom without power, there is a widespread distaste in the United States for what is termed power politics. In addition, at the present time many people automatically believe that negotiation and appeasement are interchangeable words. If Winston Churchill's recent suggestions for top-level negotiations with the Soviet Union were made by a leading American figure, he certainly would be denounced as an appeaser. Mr. Gelber, however, contends that the possibility of negotiations must not be ignored. "Coolly and with detachment, if the Kremlin perceives that further competitive effort will not pay, some *modus vivendi* with it may be feasible," he writes. ". . . Guarantees, however, for a *modus vivendi*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between the East and West must themselves still be furnished by factors of mutually counteracting power —on the sanction of force which each side marshals behind it and on the extent to which its vexed and uneasy maintenance will further correspond to their evident national interests."

"Reprieve from War: A Manual for Realists" contains many blunt criticisms of present policies. The author is alarmed over the rebuilding of German industrial power by the West, and he warns that a revived Germany may turn on the West and form an alliance with the Soviet Union. A Russian-German combine, he feels, would so increase the Soviet power position that the East-West crisis would then come to a head. A study of German history, he insists, demonstrates that a Russian-German alliance is not out of the question.

As he views the East-West struggle, Mr. Gelber is highly critical of world government as a solution to the problem. Steps like the Atlantic Pact and close Anglo-American cooperation, however, he feels are creating that preponderance of power on the side of the West essential to freedom.

Taking the hard facts of history, Lionel Gelber has furnished us with a rational argument for power politics. It is a particularly timely book when we realize just what the lack of power—on the part of those who believe in freedom—has cost us in Korea.

Professor Walter Johnson, of the University of Chicago, edited Edward R. Stettinius's "Roosevelt and the Russians."

Lionel Gelber—"no freedom without power."

Searching Our National Conscience

GREAT MISTAKES OF THE WAR. By Hanson W. Baldwin. New York: Harper & Bros. 114 pp. $1.50.

By Harry C. Butcher

IN ATTEMPTING to identify the "Great Mistakes of the War," Hanson Baldwin may draw fire of many who will contend that he is guilty of misidentification. This small but contentious book by the military expert of *The New York Times* is a provocative soul-searcher of our national conscience.

The author seeks to disarm his expected critics:

> It is, of course, easy [he says] to be wise in retrospect and to look back with the benefit of hindsight at the greatest war in history and to point to errors and confusion. They were inevitable for war is conducted by men and men are fallible. A historian's judgments, moreover, are something like those of a Monday-morning global quarterback. Yet if we ever learn from our mistakes we must identify them.

Hanson Baldwin — "Roosevelt gets considerable blame."

The basic American mistake was absence of specific political objectives to guide military strategy. This Hanson attributes to weak or inadequate leadership in the State Department and to a President who made political decisions and declarations without competent counsel.

Another mistake was to toady to Russia. We might have been smart enough to help Russia just enough to keep her fighting Germany. We might have dropped merely token bombs on Germany. Let the two dictatorship countries fight it out. Then after the struggle both would be so weak there would be no question of supremacy of the democracies in the postwar world.

The late President Roosevelt gets considerable blame, particularly for his use of the phrase "unconditional surrender." Failure to take Berlin also is mentioned but the military reasons of General Eisenhower are in general accepted. The political determinations which set the boundaries of occupation are cited as the basic reason for not taking the city.

An invasion through the Balkans would have headed off the Russians and the Balkan countries probably would have been saved from their life behind the iron curtain. In this aspect of the war Winston Churchill is given credit for trying to guide military action to achieve a valuable postwar political objective. The Russians were on their toes politically throughout the war, Baldwin writes, having greater political sagacity than the naive Americans, who only wanted to win the war as quickly and cheaply as possible.

As to the war in the Pacific, Baldwin thinks General MacArthur cast the pattern for interservice jealousy by failing to mention at Corregidor the participation of Navy and Marine units.

We failed to appreciate how near the Japanese were to surrender when we dropped the atomic bomb, which may have hastened the decision to quit by a week or two. We were foolish to want Russia in the war against the Japanese and even more foolish to trade her Japanese and Chinese concessions to get her in. Affairs in China were messed up in general, Stillwell was an unfortunate choice, and by our political ineptness we opened the door for Russian expansion.

Baldwin does not go into the question of how effectively a war could be prosecuted, assuming American public opinion is the basis of fighting strength, if the public gained the impression we were fighting for political —that is to say, territorial—objectives, other than the simple one of freedom of the individual. Despite the alleged errors, it is possible the world ultimately will have a greater respect for our simple, no-strings-attached efforts in behalf of freedom than it would have had for an America that fought a war for territorial conquest. We will have to wait for still more history to unfold before we will know whether "Great Mistakes of the War" were real errors or just one man's opinions.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spectacle of Plenty

BOLD NEW PROGRAM. By Willard R. Espy. New York: Harper & Bros. 273 pp. $3.

By C. E. Ayres

THE SPREAD of industrialization is the most exciting spectacle in the world today—perhaps in all history. Barely a century and three-quarters have passed since the first power-driven machinery began to turn, less than three-quarters of a century since even the keenest observers began to be aware of the vast new force by which every aspect of Western life seemed bound to be affected, and already industrial revolution is flowing over the entire world like a continent-engulfing tidal wave.

Never have the possibilities of world industrial development been more clearly or more excitingly portrayed than by Willard Espy in "Bold New Program." The author, it seems, is ideally qualified for such a task. He has traveled and lived on three continents, speaking several languages and reading more. As director of special promotion for *The Reader's Digest* he helped to launch that magazine's International Editions, now published in eleven languages. Whether his mastery of the technique of the thumbnail sketch is cause or effect of this association, I do not know, but the affinity is unmistakable. The series of snapshots of the world's undeveloped regions, which form the main body of this book, exemplify that technique at its best.

Like those of his principal, Mr. Espy's snapshots also point a moral, or rather two. One is the importance of the human factor. Yangtze dam enthusiasts maintain that the development of the power potential of that great river would "provide enough business to keep the electric-equipment factories at Schenectady humming at capacity for the next twenty-four years." By letting in the waters of the Mediterranean through long canals and by damming the rivers which now flow south from the Atlas mountains, engineers could turn the Sahara into an inland sea, turn the whole of North Africa into a garden, and perhaps bring more rainfall even to Southern Europe. But that is not the way to begin operations in such regions. The people of these countries must be rescued from malaria, trachoma, syphilis, and other scourges before they will be ready to staff industrial projects. They must be given plows and even hoes ahead of dynamos. Highways across China must be designed for the use of human pack-bearers and barrow-pushers, instead of automobiles and trucks.

—*Justice in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Operation Free World."

This makes good sense, and Mr. Espy's second moral (actually the first, as the book unfolds) is equally persuasive. It is that world industrialization calls for cooperation—cooperation between the helper and the helped, and cooperation at both ends between government and private enterprise. We have gone a long way from exploitative imperialism. Our Good Neighbor policy took us in the right direction, and President Truman's "Point Four" could take us farther. But we must continue to exercise restraint. There is enough for all, enough food, enough metal, enough power. To see what a healthy industrial world would mean to us, first note that our prewar exports to industrial peoples amount (at present prices) to ten dollars a head and then multiply this figure by the population of the world. There is no need for piracy!

But is "imperialism" altogether a matter of greed? Students of economics are still baffled by the problems of transfer. There are only two ways by which exports can be paid for: by imports of corresponding value and by title to foreign property. But exporting countries accept imports only at the cost of ceasing to be exporting countries, and title to foreign property spells imperialism. So long as foreign aid is given away no such problem arises. But how long can we continue such a flow of gifts? It is the chief defect of the thumbnail-sketch technique that it sometimes fails to convey any hint of the real difficulties. With all its evident virtues, "Bold New Program" also suffers this defect. Mr. Espy offers no solution of the enigma of economic nationalism. For him it simply does not exist.

C. E. Ayres has written "The Theory of Economic Progress" and other books.

World Notes

SOVIET IMPERIALISM: Russia's Drive toward World Domination, by Ernest Day Carman. Public Affairs Press, Washington. $3.25. For the true Communist there can be no such thing as "Soviet imperialism," the phrase Mr. Carman uses to describe the process of Russian expansion since 1939. Actually, he makes limited use of the pejorative meanings that "imperialism" has picked up on its semantic journey among political theorists and pamphleteers. Here he means the incorporation of territory into the USSR, not its hegemony over the ostensibly independent "people's democracies." Similarly, among the other unlovelier aspects of imperialism, Mr. Carman more or less exonerates the Russians of pushing out their national borders in response to the profit motive or the capital-gain attractions of spoil. "The economic considerations in Soviet territorial aggrandizement," he says, "appear to have been of secondary importance."

All of this restricts the scope of Mr. Carman's book. It also considerably restricts its usefulness, since the author is determined to be brief on some exceedingly familiar material without including much that is unfamiliar. And so, although this short volume's footnotes and bibliography testify to a careful research job, its subject matter consisting of Soviet designs on Eastern Poland, Finland, the Baltic States, et al.—you know the entire list—can be gleaned elsewhere. Nor is there much originality in Mr. Carman's enumeration of the reasons for Russian expansionism. They are, he concludes, the Communist concept of world revolution, the country's historic national drive for warm water, and the geopolitical thesis that "who rules the Europo-Asiatic Heartland commands the world."

Probably this is true. Certainly it is timely. Yet, having unrolled his thumbnail dossier on the culprit, the author doesn't say what's to be done about it nor, for that matter, what wasn't done that could possibly have been done feasibly at Yalta and Potsdam.

EAST OF THE IRON CURTAIN, by Vernon Bartlett. Medill McBride, New York. $2.75. The net effect of Mr. Bartlett's report on a tour of Soviet Russia's curtained vestibule is to smash an unconscionably large number of those loose hopes and xenophobic fits which seem alternately to seize Americans when they think of Eastern Europe. The total effect of his book, on almost every reader, is likely to be more calmness, more resignation to accepting certain things

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as they are, more information, and sharper perspective. For Mr. Bartlett, one of Britain's solidest and best-connected foreign correspondents, knows the Continent as few men do, and his account of a swing that took him through all Russia's *cordon sanitaire* except Albania and Rumania is in reality a distillation of what a reporter with thirty years of background and study sees on a three-month, country-hopping journey. Mostly he is either analytical or impressionistic, never oracular. With the crispness that British newsmen so easily muster, he offers cogent discussions of industrialization, agriculture, religion, and politics as they appear in each country. Cloak-and-dagger stuff and atrocity stories are altogether subordinated. Only in the case of Czechoslovakia, a country he knew as a Western democracy, is he angry. Usually he is remarkably detached: he finds that Communism, Russian-style, brought to most places long-needed agrarian reforms and long-awaited industry — at a terrible price; that most home-grown opposition (including the Catholic Church) is discredited in local eyes by its past record. Certainly no pro-Communist, Mr. Bartlett nevertheless advises that it would be a serious mistake simply to write off these countries as "satellites" instead of considering their potentialities as individual nations. We'll have to wait, however, until the Kremlin blunders egregiously or makes demands that stir local nationalism, as it was stirred in Yugoslavia, for this individuality to show itself. Titoism behind the curtain and circumspect democratic deportment in front of it, he says, provide the only answer, unless you want Stalin in there indefinitely.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE RESTORATION OF WORLD TRADE, by Walter Adams Brown, Jr. The Brookings Institution, Washington, D. C. $5. Typically solid and stolid after the tradition of Brookings Institution monographs, this one leaves nothing unsaid that you'd need to know about the Charter of the International Trade Organization and the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, or more familiarly known as, respectively, the ITO (or Havana Charter) and the GATT. As differentiated from temporary measures like Marshall aid, these two are of course the longer-range instruments into which the participating diplomatic experts who fashioned them have put their faith or, at least, brain power in hopes of pulling world trade out of its postwar muddle. A non-participating but eye-witness expert

(*Continued on page 47*)

Fiction. *During the Thirties, Americans were able to obtain a reasonably accurate notion of what was happening in Nazi Germany through scores of novels by talented and experienced refugee writers. The Iron Curtain, however, is so impenetrable that almost all the fictional glimpses of Soviet Russia which have reached us hew closely to the Party Line. One exception is Victor Serge's frightening picture of Comintern cunning, "The Case of Comrade Tulayev" [SRL Sept. 9]. Now another Russian exile, Mark Aldanov, gives us a vivid picture of the Bolshevik revolution in "The Escape," reviewed below. . . . Lest we forget that the poet Conrad Aiken was an accomplished practitioner of the short-story form during the Twenties, his publishers offer a representative collection of his tales. . . . In "Reprisal" Arthur Gordon treats a familiar theme —race tensions and violence in the South—with uncommon craftsmanship.*

Debacle of the Bourgeoisie

THE ESCAPE. By Mark Aldanov. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 389 pp. $3.50.

By Robert Pick

IT IS more than thirty years since Mark Aldanov exiled himself from his native Russia. A resident of France for many years, now an American citizen, he has hardly ever left the Russian scene in his novels—substantial, detailed, skilful, often brilliant and always deftly ironical books that won him a sizable audience in many countries. In this country he first was acclaimed as the author of "The Fifth Seal," a story of Comintern intrigue. Since it was published in the early 1940's, that novel stirred up much controversy. Today few people would doubt the accuracy of the milieu it described. In fact, Mr. Aldanov may claim the distinction of having exposed the subtler methods of Soviet foreign policy and propaganda at a time when the Western world had ceased, and not yet begun again, to take their dangers seriously. Yet Mr. Aldanov is not a political novelist. "Before the Deluge," the one among his novels which comes closest to being a study of man as a "political animal" is, for all its kaleidoscopic range and its author's fabulous historical knowledge, one of his lesser achievements.

Mark Aldanov — "the exile's never-muted question."

His present offering looks at first sight as though it were the one novel each émigré writer is supposed to get off his chest sooner or later — his search for an answer to the exile's never-muted question as to how it all could happen, as to how it all began. But Mr. Aldanov's answer turns into nothing more—or rather, into nothing less—than an extremely credible, lively, and sophisticated picture of Russia's upper middle class at the eve of its downfall and on that downfall's morrow.

Surprisingly, "The Escape" opens as a mystery story. Fischer, an international St. Petersburg banker, is found murdered—killed by poisoning —in the *pied-à-terre* where he used to receive a variety of women. The police, its top brass alerted—this is 1917 and the case may have political implications—hasten to arrest a shady young man who not only appears to be the lover of Fischer's youthful wife but also has been enough in his confidence to own a second key to the unsavory little flat. But even before the suspect is properly interrogated the reader is made to watch another character dispose of a key, the third key. That man, Braun, is a distinguished chemist, a personage with excellent social and government contacts, an independent political thinker and philosopher of a sort—and the teacher of Fischer's daughter by a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first marriage (the heir to his great fortune), a girl living in Paris and known to sympathize with radical groups back home.

It would, as the phrase has it, be unfair to the author to give away the rest of the murder story. In fact, it gets all but lost amid the following events and completely dwarfed by their historical background. The second part of the novel leads the reader on to the Bolshevik terror.

Mr. Aldanov has a large cast in this book. Besides the enigmatic Braun and the various officials, the scene is occupied by, among others, a successful lawyer of Jewish origin, his clever and attractive daughter, a young member of the British Military Mission, a liberal prince (soon falling on evil days), and the naive youth who becomes Braun's assistant. Whether they try to stem the revolutionary tide, bravely ignore its mortal perils, or just talk about doing something while attending to the normal business of living and loving, they all are carried along they do not know where. It makes for a mordantly ironic ending that the only character who has discerned the deeper meaning of escape does not reach his haven.

> You will continue to live [Braun says to himself at a crucial moment]. You will have found a new freedom at a time when you believed you lost everything in losing the old. After World A, World B lies open before you. . . . What was fated you have lived through, and you await nothing further from life. This is indeed the key, your philosopher's stone, your *occultum secretum.* It purifies and liberates. . . .

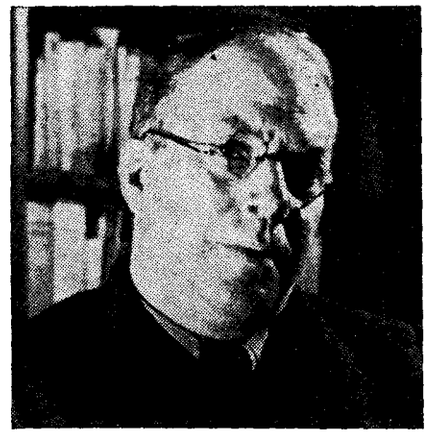
The individual stories of Mr. Aldanov's numerous characters are not integrated enough to give to his novel continuous drive. And since, by its very design, it never ventures very far beyond or beneath its original social stratum, "The Escape" offers no really great panorama of the most fateful months of twentieth-century history. But even so it is one of the most serious attempts I know of in fiction to do justice to them without hindsight.

Stars Apart

By Otto Matthew Becker

SCARCE yet a tear ago their trembling lips
clung, and clung, and clung;
Faint yet the echo of her closing door
throbs, and throbs, and throbs:
But in that space they two who saw
one star
are stars apart—are stars apart.

Anxieties & Guilts of Modern Man



Conrad Aiken—"melodically beguiling."

THE SHORT STORIES OF CONRAD AIKEN. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 426 *pp.* $5.

By Edward J. Fitzgerald

HERE are assembled twenty-nine of the short stories of Conrad Aiken. Long recognized for his distinguished contributions to poetry, Mr. Aiken has played a more important, if less widely known, role in the field of fiction. For he was one of the first of the modern American writers to use in fiction the findings of Freud on the operation of the subconscious and to pioneer in the use of that writing technique which was known in the Twenties as "stream of consciousness." Reading him today it is difficult to remember that his novels "Blue Voyage" and "The Great Circle," in particular, were written about a quarter of a century ago and that the stories contained in this collection were, many of them, products of the Twenties and early Thirties. In the years intervening our knowledge of the subterranean workings of the mind has deepened and broadened; and the stylistic innovations which Aiken was helping then to develop have been assimilated and accepted as part of the craftsmanship we expect today from any serious writer. Yet the earliest of these stories is as finished and contemporary a product as any that followers in the field of psychological fiction have produced.

Included in this volume are many stories which have already been accepted by critics and anthologizers as minor classics. There is, of course, the outstanding and justly famed "Silent Snow, Secret Snow," a harrowingly beautiful evocation of a child's mind retreating into the nether world of schizophrenia. There is, too, "Farewell, Farewell, Farewell," a tender exploration of a foredoomed ship romance between two shy persons. In "Bow Down, Isaac" we are shown the dreadful transformation of religious fanaticism and fear into mania and murder. In "Mr. Arcularis" we share the elaborate and beautifully executed dream of a dying man. In "Spider, Spider" we participate in the rather dreary seduction of an irresolute man. And in "Thistledown" we witness the gradual dissolution of Coralyn, caught in the throes of a father fixation.

There are another two dozen stories, ranging from such acrid little vignettes as "Hey, Taxi" and "A Man Alone at Lunch" to a haunting celebration of the lost wonder and anguish of childhood in "Strange Moonlight." There are many, perhaps too many, stories in which we are shown the bitter frustrations that come from failure to communicate the inmost feelings. There are even some near misses: "A Pair of Vikings," the story of the conflict between two carnival performers and the eventual destruction of both, has, for this reader, too much contrivance. "The Disciple," an allegorical dream about guilt, seems diffuse and uncertain in its purpose. But every story in the volume is dignified by the exquisite artistry of Mr. Aiken's prose and by his sensitive perceptions of the anxieties and guilts which infect the consciousness and conduct of many modern men.

The voice of Mr. Aiken—in his prose as in his poetry—has never been a loud one. His work is melodically beguiling rather than demandingly active. Quietly it reveals to us hidden facets of our behavior, recalls old and lost desires. The range is perhaps too narrow, the characters have too cultivated a sensibility, the disillusionment is too complete, the defeat too Calvinistically inevitable. Gehenna is the recurrent symbol, *Feldeinsamkeit* the persistent mood. But within his range Mr. Aiken works with precision and persuasiveness. It is to be hoped that this new collection will commend his prose to a wider audience.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 859)

H. G. HOGUE:
BRINGING UP OURSELVES

For the first time . . . we have scientific knowledge of the nature and needs of the individual human being, that supports the religious teachings and the theory of the State, based upon the importance and worth of the individual.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lynching Avenged

REPRISAL. By Arthur Gordon. New York: Simon & Schuster. 310 pp. $3.

By HARRISON SMITH

MOST of the novels based on racial conflict in the South are written for the sake of sensationalism and have a basic plot that is only too familiar to readers throughout the country. Too many of them have appealed directly to the repellent combination of sex and sadism that has become one of the least pleasant developments in modern fiction. "Reprisal," Arthur Gordon's sociological thriller, must not be confused with these brutal and repetitive stories of manhunts and lynchings. It is obviously founded, as Mr. Gordon has said, on his honest indignation at a brief news-story he read when he was overseas with the Eighth Air Force.

Four young Georgia Negroes, two men and two women, had been dragged out of the car in which they were driving home. They had been beaten, tied to trees, and riddled with shot-gun fire. Their bodies were found on the bank of a lonely creek; their assassins had vanished. But it was even more terrible that nothing could be done about it. Local and state police and the agents of the FBI could not bring them to justice, though the cause of the murder and the names of the slayers themselves were known to many citizens. Later three of them were accused of savagely beating a Negro boy who would have betrayed them if they had been convicted. The jury unanimously declared their innocence. One of the murdered women had recently married. What, Mr. Gordon wondered, would he have done if she had been his own wife? His answer was vengeance, reprisal. The heart of the story lay, he thought, in the town itself, for all its people must share the burden of guilt and fear. He left his magazine job in New York and headed for Georgia and the smoldering little town known in his novel as Hainesville.

Two of his characters came from New York, a typical, superficially callous newsman who had caught the scent of a story for his magazine, and a stalwart young Negro teaching in an industrial school in Harlem, who had fled from Georgia after the murder of his wife. During the year that had passed Hainesville had become sullen and secretive, waiting for an explosion that everyone hoped would never come. It had closed its ranks against inquisitors from the North and tried to forget the national publicity it had won as the town that had witnessed a mass murder but refused to put its fingers on the guilty men. It affected everyone. The colored population lived in terror and stepped aside when the illiterate white farmers came to town. The influential Negro undertaker, who made secret trips to Atlanta to visit the office of the underground movement, prayed that there would be no more violence. The editor of the local paper knew that nothing would ever be done about it and took to drink. The police refused to move when drunken white men roared around the colored district, throwing bricks through store windows. No one knew, except the undertaker and his wife, that Nathan Hamilton in New York's Harlem had packed a gun in his bag and was now hiding in his mother's room over a garage of the white folks she worked for. Unity, a daughter of this family, an ardent reformer by nature, helped to edit the town paper. She was in love with the wealthiest young man in the town, but turned from him when he refused to have any part in cleansing Hainesville. When one of the murderers is killed and another stabbed by an unknown assailant, there is a sudden explosion of terror and violence that leads to an almost unbearably exciting final chapter.

Throughout the novel Mr. Gordon dissects the elements in the South that lead to the racial tensions which have given vitality and truth to his story. "Reprisal" arouses indignation in the reader, but never at the expense of interest. It is sharply written, an almost perfect example of the novel of suspense. It has, perhaps, no deeper significance than that, for there is in it no pretense to greatness or fine writing. The characters are sound enough, for the author knows the South, but only a few of them are fully realized. Mr. Gordon has accomplished exactly what he intended. He has produced a powerful and thrilling book, based on a sure-fire plot and a central story that is a matter of public record.

Arthur Gordon—"honest indignation."

Family Clash

THE THOUSAND DEATHS OF MR. SMALL. By Gerald Kersh. New York: Doubleday & Co. 377 pp. $3.50.

By W. R. BURNETT

KNOWING the work of Gerald Kersh only through "Sergeant Nelson of the Guards" and "Night and the City," I was completely unprepared for his new book, "The Thousand Deaths of Mr. Small." It is an extremely long, verbose, slow-moving, savagely misanthropic chronicle of Jewish family life in London at the turn of the century, during World War I, and in the postwar period. This book is going to disturb a lot of readers and will be deeply resented by many who are certain to feel that Kersh has dealt harshly and unfairly with his own people. And I will have to admit that there is ample reason for this view. However, Kersh is just as rough on the gentiles.

Charles Small, the protagonist—who, though never faced by any real danger in the course of his life, dies a thousand deaths through cowardice—lying ill of a stomach ailment, mostly imaginary, desperately unhappy and frustrated, reaches back into his memory to search for the factors responsible for his present pass, and bit by bit, not consecutively but in fragments scattered to and fro over the years, his whole existence is revealed to him and to us: we meet his father and mother, his sister, his other relatives (a raft of them), and the family friend, Solly, a hunchback, who ends up as Sir Solomon Schwartz and a millionaire.

The book is full of weaknesses and flaws. It is too declamatory, too amorphous, and too packed with a barbaric and puritanical disgust for life and all its natural processes; and the author seems too bent on demonstrating a frenzied disillusionment.

But the chief weakness is the protagonist. He is at the same time a bore and a stock character of European fiction: the suffering intellectual or artist, the frail rebel, the sensitive one in a world of oafs. This type has been unduly prominent (and almost always a bore) from "The Way of All Flesh" to the "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and "Of Human Bondage." We are supposed to sympathize with Charles Small. But we do not. We sympathize with his father and mother, particularly his father, I. Small.

Israel Small—born Yisroel Schmulovitz in Cracow—is, at least to me, one

(*Continued on page* 36)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americana. *Other peoples are intrigued by gadgets, but we are surely the most gadget-mad on the face of the earth. The most peculiarly American gadget is the automobile: recently statisticians figured out that we have enough of them to transport every man, woman, and child in the forty-eight states at the same moment. Since cars are bulky and expensive, most men are content with one or at most two. A few are connoisseurs, like James Melton, the singer, who has collected some eighty of all makes and vintages on his place in Connecticut. George Woodbury, of New Hampshire, is a specialist: he collects only the fabulous Stanley Steamers. In "The Story of the Stanley Steamer" he reports on the byways down which his hobby has carried him. M. M. Musselman, of California, has more eclectic tastes: any old car will do, according to his "Get A Horse!"*

Beloved Bearcat and Merry Oldsmobile

GET A HORSE! By M. M. Musselman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 304 pp. $3.95.

By W. C. RICHARDS

"IT IS time American designers and engineers began to copy some of the smaller European cars with their economical engines located in the rear, their functional body designs, their complete lack of unnecessary folderol such as radios, overdrive, oversize tires, and other refinements that add cost to the car.

"Detroit could build a car for $495 if it wished to, but it won't as long as it is selling six million cars a year for $1,500 or more."

When Mr. Musselman finishes off his informal history of the automobile industry by going blue over the good old days—"we sometimes had a lot of trouble with the motor and with blowouts but when we stopped by the roadside a brother motorist was sure to pull alongside and ask if we needed help"—I am sure he's in the grip of a deceptive nostalgia.

Nostalgia can be the trickiest of maladies. It invests the past with bogus glamour. It inclines us to the view that Waterloo was pretty special compared with later fracases, that yesterday's sweetheart, callow though she may have been, was an admixture of Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur, that show business fell to pieces when Floradora closed.

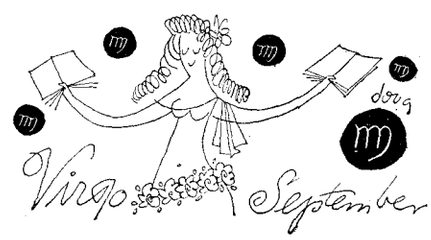
Mr. Musselman has been in and out of love with many cars. The jacket of his book shows him at the wheel of a 1909 Fiat, and the caption says the ancient hulk still can do 150 miles an hour. I'm afraid this leaves me cold. Since I lost a kneecap on a bridge in Virginia going thirty, I quiver at mention of 150.

He fell head over heels for the Stutz Bearcat and he was entranced, coming out of World War I, by a little thing called the Jordan Playboy, in robin's egg blue and buttercup yellow. He had his first automobile ride in 1904, saw his first Indianapolis race in 1911, and the family barn contained at various times a Marmon, a Haynes, and a Ford roadster. Incidentally, if the Ford parts wore out his father could get a new radiator for $15, a front fender for $2.50.

The private filling station in his back yard was a big red sixty-gallon tank which was supplied to car owners by Standard Oil. After you bought a certain number of gallons from the tank wagon the big red container was yours.

When he was twelve a motor club decided to hold a reliability run from Oak Park, Illinois, to Milwaukee and return, and the Musselman Marmon was pathfinder. M. M. sat in the tonneau and every time father made a turn the son blazed the trail by reaching into an open fifty-pound sack and tossing out handfuls of flour.

"Get a Horse!" brings the pioneer days briskly alive: The first show in the Garden with hill-climbing on the roof, the *Chicago Times Herald* offering $500 for the best slogan for this new motorized contrivance and splitting the prize three ways when as many contestants suggested "Motocycle." Winton dashing from Cleveland to New York at an average speed of twenty-one miles an hour stunned the nation.



Charles Duryea won the first American automobile race in 1895 and organized the Duryea Motor Wagon Works with his $2,000 prize money. The identical twins named Stanley got their steamer up to three miles a minute. William Vanderbilt drove a Mercedes two miles in 1901 at a speed of thirty-nine miles an hour. Three years later Ford did ninety-three miles an hour on a mile straightaway. The Paris-Madrid road race of 1903 was a sanguinary affair with 228 entries and seven deaths.

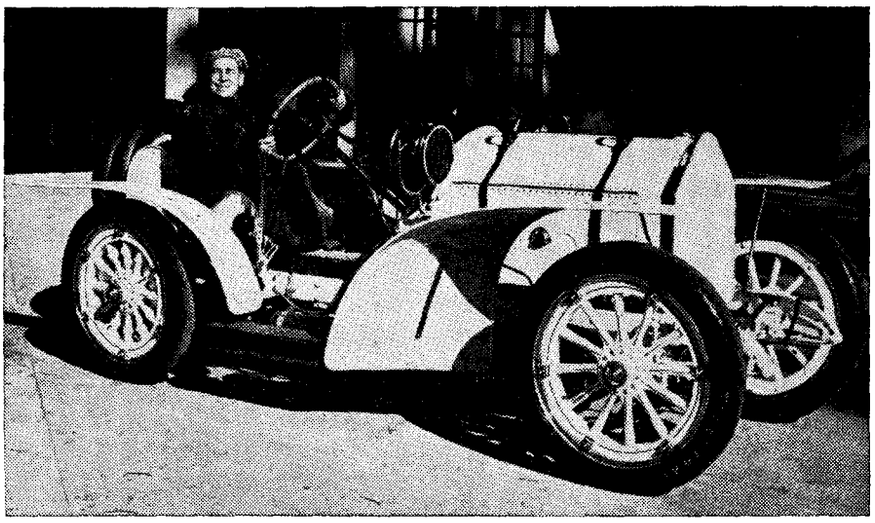
Ransom Olds sold the first car for export to a patent-medicine firm in India. Beautiful in a stiff collar, the late Roy D. Chapin, who was to become U. S. Secretary of Commerce, drove from Detroit to New York in seven and a half days, using the towpath of the Erie Canal for his record breaking.

The Carter twin-engine had two engines under the hood, so if one gave out the other would see you home. An Indiana banker produced an eight-wheeled car. When the rain fell you stuck your head through a hole in what was called a storm apron. The authorities did not provide you with license plates but simply assigned you a number, which you painted on a shingle, perhaps, and hung on the car somewhere. Some states forbade operation of cars between 9 a.m. and 9 p.m. or wouldn't let one on streets commonly used by horses or slapped on a speed limit of eight miles an hour or barred cars from parks.

To kid real horses and make them believe there was no danger, Uriah Smith, of Battle Creek, Michigan, invented what he called the "Horsey Horseless Carriage," which was an automobile with an imitation horse's head fastened to the dashboard. Glidden, a Boston millionaire, offered a cup for an annual tour and Pierce-Arrow won it four years running. In 1912 the Lincoln highway was only a red line on a map showing the most direct route to some of the finest mudholes in the country. The first genuine sale of a gasoline motor car manufactured on a regular production schedule in the United States was accomplished March 24, 1898.

Some writers of the day argued women were not physically equipped for the stress of driving cars or quick enough mentally to make the required decisions, but in 1909 a Miss Joan Newton Cuneo ran second to Ralph De Palmo in a three-day meet at New Orleans, and two years later Charles Kettering came up with the electric starter, and the ladies were on their way. Anita King, a movie stunt woman, drove a Kisselkar from Los

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*From the jacket of "Get a Horse!"*

A 1909 Fiat—"an average speed of twenty-one miles . . . stunned the nation."

—*Wide World.*

A 1914 Stanley Steamer—they "practically never exploded."

Angeles to New York in 1915 and the next year the industry doubled its output.

"And now what have we?" says Mr. Musselman dolefully. "Parking takes a driver of better than average skill. The old-time garage won't contain current models. Salesmen are afraid to move the engine back over the rear axle for fear they'll have a car that won't look like an automobile. We have radiator ornaments despite the fact that there hasn't been an exposed radiator cap in fifteen years. We must have six or eight cylinders although four are enough for Indianapolis racing cars that will do 180 an hour."

If I reread any of Mr. Musselman's book it will be the chapter on the Lincoln Highway, a promotion akin to fiction and originated by a superplanner named Carl Fisher. The Portland Cement Association offered to give enough cement to build a mile of road to any county that would follow its specifications. Three thousand medallions once marked it. Today you can hardly find one of them. When the numbering system went in, moreover, even the name Lincoln went out.

Now let me ask you a question, Mr. Musselman, if you'll pull that Fiat down to a jog. Why in the world are cars equipped with speedometers engineered to record a speed the cars cannot make? Why a 120-mile gauge for a car that won't go more than 95? I imagine many a deluded gentleman, reasonably concluding that a 120-mile gauge wouldn't be on a car if it couldn't do that, has landed in a ditch trying for that unattainable dream maximum.

W. C. Richards, a veteran Detroit newspaperman, is author of "The Last Billionaire," an informal biography of Henry Ford.

"Flying Teapot"

THE STORY OF A STANLEY STEAMER. By George Woodbury. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 256 pp. $3.

By Roger Butterfield

MOUNTED "on the towering quarterdeck" of their venerable (1917) Stanley Steamer, Mr. Woodbury and his family may often be seen in the vicinity of their New Hampshire home "steaming silently along, admiring the beautiful countryside of New England and its slightly less beautiful inhabitants, feeling we have gained a perspective on a number of other things, too, which we never could have seen had we scooted in a streamlined fish bowl."

Mr. Woodbury, it may be deduced, thinks Stanley Steamers are still wonderful cars and he has nothing but scorn for the "bloated" appearance and "grinning chromium dentures" of present-day gasoline buggies. What is more, he can pass them whenever he feels like it. The very first time he took his "flying teapot" out for a spin he whished past a sleek new sedan on a hill and then discovered, to his dismay, that he was way beyond the legal speed limit. He slowed down, but the driver he had passed hung on behind him for several miles, bemused by the high-wheeled contraption ahead. Finally he pulled alongside.

"Say, mister," he asked, peering up at the lofty reaches of Mr. Woodbury's steering wheel, "how far does that old can of yours coast anyway?"

This brings up one of a great many facts about Stanley Steamers which the present reviewer never dreamed of before reading this book. A Steamer makes no noise at all while moving (but plenty when you let out the steam at the end of a ride!) It can also go as fast backward as it can forward, which is pretty darned fast. Mr. Woodbury knew this, of course, but once he forgot it. He had to jam down his brake hard to avoid an accident, and accidentally stepped on the reverse pedal at the same time. "The big black machine bounded backward as though it had run into a rubber pillow. I caught myself just completing a swan dive over the windshield and scrambled back into the seat. The reverse pedal, released by my momentary absence, sprang back into the forward position, and the machine hopped obediently forward again, leaving fully half of me clattering around in the back seat. . . ."

All fun, of course, and the author makes it sound so. Mr. Woodbury is the "reformed archeologist" who re-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

activated an ancestral sawmill, earns his living working in it, and told all about it in "John Goffe's Mill," a book which delighted many readers two years ago. His description of how he fell in love with the mere idea of owning a Stanley Steamer, how he hunted up and down New England for one he could fix up and use, and of the happy process of getting it back on the road again makes a thoroughly unusual and captivating book.

Besides the saga of his own personal steamer Mr. Woodbury has included a great deal of lore about early steam vehicles and mechanics in New England, and a detailed history of the Stanley brothers themselves—F. E. and F. O. Stanley, identical, bearded twins—who invented the steam automobile and set up the first large-scale automobile manufactory in the world at Newton, Massachusetts, in 1897. Mr. Woodbury made a pilgrimage to Newton and found the only steam garage still in existence, along with Fred Marriott, the only man who ever really "opened up" a steamer and lived to tell the tale. That was in 1907, and the speedometer had just reached 197 miles an hour (yes, 197!) when Marriott's steam racer hit a bump, sailed along ten feet in the air for a ways, and came down a mass of kindling wood. But the boiler didn't explode—it just rolled down the Florida beach belching steam "like a meteor." According to Mr. Woodbury, Stanley Steamers practically never exploded. The stories that they did, he says, were probably spread by jealous competitors.

Roger Butterfield is author of "The American Past" and other books.

Ill-Starred Confederate Leader

THE GALLANT HOOD. By John P. Dyer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 368 pp. $3.50.

By Thomas Robson Hay

AFTER nearly seventy-five years of silence this is the second biography within a year of the gallant Hood, ill-starred Confederate leader. Dr. Dyer has produced an interesting critical biography that helps to explain Hood and to suggest the causes of his ultimate failure as an independent army commander. The first part of Hood's career, when he was a subordinate commander, is much better covered than his later and more critical and important services.

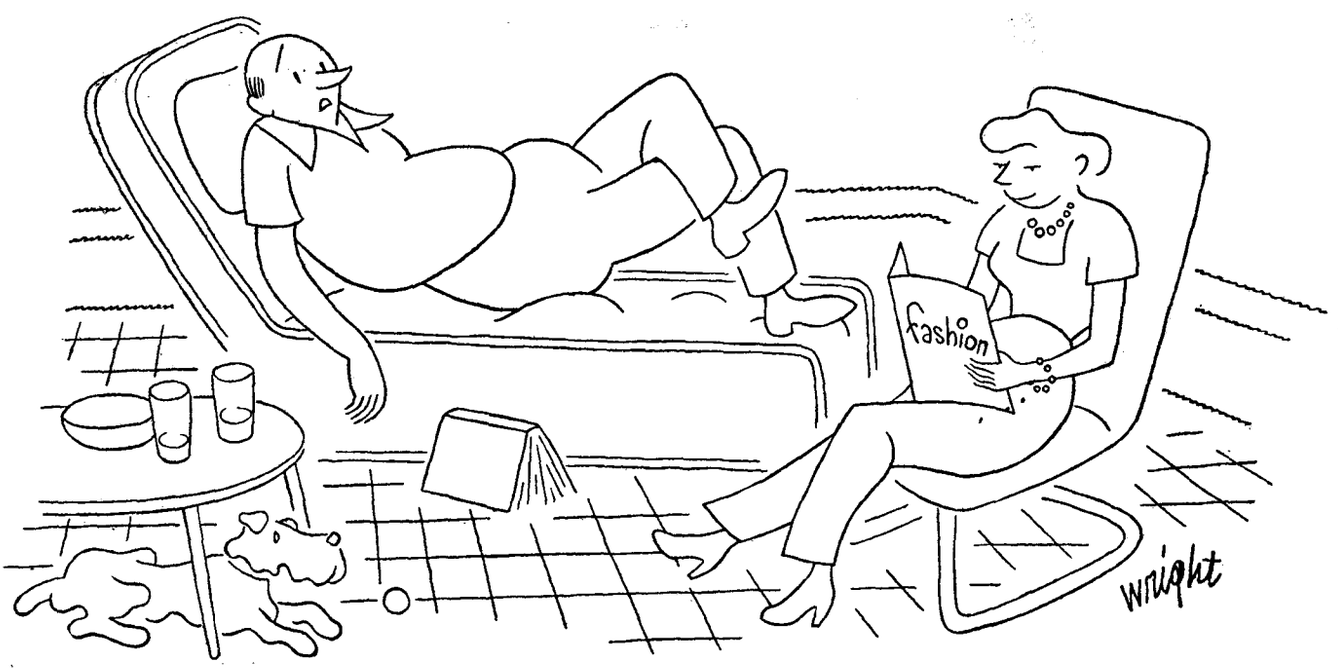
Hood had two careers, one as a subordinate leader of troops and the other as an independent commander of an army in the field. Generally successful in the first role, he was a failure in the second. The very qualities that made him a successful troop leader with limited responsibility were in large measure the causes of his failure when the whole responsibility rested upon him. As Dr. Dyer writes, Hood was "a combat officer first, last, and always." He was a man of action who disliked the routine of staff work and was never willing to give the necessary time and thought to the details of army organization, command, and maneuver.

Dr. Dyer gives a good account of Hood's early years in Kentucky, at West Point, and on the Western plains, where he received his first wound. He does not attempt to determine why Hood joined the Confederacy rather than remain with the Union, as did his native State of Kentucky, beyond surmising that his "mind had obviously been made up for some time" as to what he would do in case of secession and civil war. With Hood there was "no soul searching."

His aggressive acts of combat and leadership gained for him recognition and rapid promotion. By the end of the first year of campaigning Hood commanded a division. He lost the use of an arm at Gettysburg, and his leg was amputated as the result of a wound at Chickamauga. Recovery followed slowly. In the early part of 1864 he was sent to the Confederate Army in Northern Georgia commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston. Hood, "a fighter and a popular hero . . . was merely the President's mouthpiece," who was sent to Georgia, the author believes, to regain "public favor" for Davis and his administration. Lee probably best described him when he wrote Davis before he was sent to Georgia: "Hood is a bold fighter. I am doubtful as to the other qualities necessary." He followed this with the added comment: "Hood is a good fighter, very industrious on the battlefield, careless off, and I have had no opportunity of judging of his actions when the whole responsibility rests upon him. I have a high opinion of his gallantry, earnestness, and zeal. General Hardee has more experience in managing an army."

The author's account of Hood's part in the Atlanta campaign, both before

(*Continued on page* 30)



"Another summer nearly shot and only sixty pages into Henry James again."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paris. *"There must be thousands of people in this country who spend a good portion of their time figuring out how to get to Paris," Lee Rogow observed in these pages a year ago. "As Mecca is to the Moslems, as his native gravel bed to the spawning salmon, that is Paris to the daydreams of the civilized." One of our spies, newly disembarked, tells us that so many Americans succeeded in realizing their daydreams that this August many a Paris shopkeeper hung up signs reading "Ici On Parle Français" to succor natives stranded in the city. Elliot Paul, who tugged at Francophile heartstrings so deftly in "The Last Time I Saw Paris," tries to repeat the performance in "Springtime in Paris" (see below) but does not quite succeed. It remains for Henri Calet to capture the eternal spirit of the city in a curious compound of biography and braggadocio, "Young Man of Paris."*

Byways on the rue de la Huchette

SPRINGTIME IN PARIS. By Elliot Paul. New York: Random House. 364 pp. $3.50.

By Martin Blumenson

ELLIOT PAUL'S thesis in "Springtime in Paris" is that France is indestructible: that having survived political rot and German occupation and now menaced by inflation and the Communists, the French will continue to live in their own individualistic fashion, enduring poverty and affliction, and defending themselves only with their profound Gallic tolerance and the deep-rooted conviction that man is human and therefore entitled to his human frailties.

This is a fine thesis, an admirable purpose, and a valid point of view, as anyone who has lived in Paris or in France for any length of time will be quick to admit. For despite the black marketeers, the robbers of tourists, the Collabos, the selfish, the greedy, the immoral, with which Paris and France abound, if there be such a thing as national character, important in the French makeup is the belief in the worth of the individual and his right to his own destiny.

Somewhere beneath the Frenchman's exterior, be it one of indifference, cynicism, or mockery, lies compassion for his fellow humans. The nation survived because this value prevailed in spite of the zealots who sought to purge France in the manner of Hitler for whatever reasons, the *milice* which hunted down patriots more rapaciously than the SS, the degradation, the sell-out, the opportunism; enough French remained French and thereby safeguarded the right of humans to be human.

Elliot Paul, in a curiously roundabout way, endeavors to tell us these things. Although his material is charged with dynamite, Mr. Paul has avoided setting it off. He contemplates it, plays with it, but just when a loud noise might go off Mr. Paul drops it gently and saunters to the nearest *terrasse* for refreshment.

His scenes pass along the rue de la Huchette, just off the "boul Mich," where life, as he sees it, continues to be as unpredictable, as difficult, and as beautiful as it has always been. His personages are the "little" people who suffer and pay, yet believe that life is God's greatest gift to man and that to do otherwise than to enjoy it would be a sin. This is a wonderful theme and nowhere more appropriate than in Paris. A fine, even great, book might have been written with this idea and with these people. But Mr. Paul has presented us with a bewildering variety of persons, so many that he has not time to do literary justice to any of them. Each character might have yielded an epic of at least minor proportions, for no one with a minimum of intelligence could live through the past ten years in France without experiencing a personal drama of some sort. Almost always, however, Mr. Paul chooses the easy way out, the nonessential, the byway.

Mr. Paul knows how to sustain our interest, and he does, but he sometimes has an annoying manner of leaving a story up in the air after he has gotten us all excited. The denouement, often many pages removed from the source, is apt to be disappointing.

One wishes Mr. Paul had not spent so much time cataloguing sights, sounds, and smells. Had he employed his energy in working on his material, selecting, developing, and shaping it, he might have written an important book.

Queen of Cities

YOUNG MAN OF PARIS. By Henri Calet. Translated by Jacques Le Clerc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 256 pp. $3.

By Elliot Paul

THIS is the best book I have ever read about the city most deserving of being written about.

Luckily for all of us, Calet springs from that class most astute, piquant, and interesting in any land, the unworthy poor. He was conceived on unholy boast, carried in a famous jail, and soon left where he could get a thorough criminal education in an institution for bastards *and* orphans.

Whatever he writes about, it is the stuff of Paris—his infanthood, his precocious boyhood, his life until now. So he leaves the reader with Paris eternal and also up to date, changed and unchanged, tried and undefeated, stopping at nothing, barring nothing, lower and higher than heaven or hell, and replete with individuals.

It is difficult to review this book. It is practically impossible to keep one's emotions within bounds which admit of typewriting. Paris grows inside you and functions. You are Sacré Coeur, the Trocadero, the Eiffel Tower, the War College, the Institute,

(*Continued on page* 45)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
Editor
Norman Cousins
Chairman, Editorial Board
Henry Seidel Canby
Chairman, Board of Directors
E. DeGolyer
Associate Editors
Amy Loveman John Mason Brown
Harrison Smith
Contributing Editors
Bennett Cerf John T. Winterich
Mary Gould Davis Irving Kolodin
James Thrall Soby

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Contents Copyrighted, 1950, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

"Men Imbued with History"

IN A RECENTLY published essay Bertrand Russell asks us to endure philosophically the present troubles and the dark future to which this generation of man has fallen heir. "As geological time goes," he writes, "it is but a moment since the human race began and only the twinkling of an eye since the arts of civilization were first invented." The wise man must live in eternity, realizing during his own brief span of days that he is the trustee for the future of mankind. It is not likely, he calmly advises us, that our species will completely exterminate itself or that man's accumulated treasures of wisdom and art and his achievements in science and mechanics will be lost forever.

Ours is an especially difficult generation to address in this manner. Men and women of the Western world and especially those who live on this continent are perhaps less inclined to a philosophical resignation toward disaster and suffering than in any period of recorded history. Nor does sainthood and the quiet, eremitic contemplation of eternity and our past sins offer a refuge which we can accept with any grace. We are impatient today to proceed with the vital business of improving what was once considered the inevitable fate of the vast majority of mankind. The Four Horsemen still darken the skies, but two of these dread specters, famine and pestilence, are now only shadows of their former selves, and have almost lost their power to terrify us. It is not necessary to list the long catalogue of diseases that have been conquered, the plagues that are now only an evil memory, the infantile maladies that only a century ago destroyed one child out of four, the puerperal fever that slew women in childbirth. Through the advances in medical science and surgery and the recent discovery of the antibiotic killers of deadly bacteria millions of us can now look forward to a healthy old age, far beyond the Biblical allotment of three score years and ten.

We are impatient, and rightly so, to make use of these added years so that they may be tranquil and full of grace. We want our children and their children to live in a happier world than ours, which has already been visited by two world wars; we want them to live without the fear of death in battle or of atomic bombs falling on their homes from the skies.

Can we indeed in these years become "the men imbued with history," as Bertrand Russell suggests, who have the wisdom to know that they live in an epoch, unlike the "instinctive" man who lives from year to year? To contemplate the history of man may be profoundly discouraging or the reverse, depending on the nature of the contemplator. It is only too simple to look back gratefully through the centuries and marvel at human progress, from exhausting toil, when men scratched the soil with wooden plows and lived in huts at the mercy of the elements, to today, when the machine works for us and we are blessed with plumbing and the modern dwelling. But it is not at all satisfying to realize we may have lost certain innate spiritual qualities in the process of mechanizing and proliferating life, that Christ and Buddha and the greatest philosophers were created in a period when the common man was enslaved and worked to death. Nor is it satisfying to learn that one of man's most inveterate habits was to kill other men.

History is to a large extent a study of small and great wars. Genghis Khan came out of Mongolia to ravage a great part of the known world in the thirteenth century, the first world conqueror. He left, as the dictionary quaintly says, "few permanent institutions." Then there were the Turks, the Moors, and the Crusades, in which Western Europeans killed or were slain in the name of Christ. There was even, as all of us know, a "Children's Crusade," when thousands of boys and even girls were led to death or sold into slavery. In a later century there came the wars between Catholics and Protestants. Then the first of the savage modern revolutions was followed by the conquests and defeats of Napoleon's armies. The comparatively pacific nineteenth century witnessed the Franco-Prussian War and the Colonial Wars of England and France. For the modern man there is little satisfaction to be found in this record of eternal bloodshed, though an optimist might take note of the fact that we have recently fought the greatest of all conflicts, and are preparing for a third world war in the name of world unity and eternal peace.

PROFESSOR Russell quotes from "Hamlet": "What a piece of work is man! How noble in Reason! How infinite in faculty! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god!" No one can deny the truth of Shakespeare's words. Man is all of this, saint and martyr, a divine and miraculous creation; but he is also a devil who for the sake of profit, of national honor, of inflammatory words, is cruel and brutal beyond comprehension. Indeed, our impatience with the fate that may overwhelm us, our anger at an adversary that may bring upon all of us the end of what we know as civilization, is produced principally because we are aware of the heights to which man has risen. We ask in despair for an answer. The philosopher may say that these are merely brief troubles which it is man's fate to endure with equanimity, that even if once more the Dark Ages overwhelm the Western world we

*"If We Are to Survive This Dark Time," by Bertrand Russell, *The New York Times Magazine*, September 3, 1950.

Detached as Time

By Alice Craig Redhead

UNHURRIED as the rain
In autograph of grief
Stencils signatures
On every bud and leaf,

Detached as solid ice
Unblemished in perfection,
Awaiting moment for
The ultimate inspection,

Here, then, is Time triumphant
Previsioning all change,
Mysterious and lonely,
Unknowable and strange.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

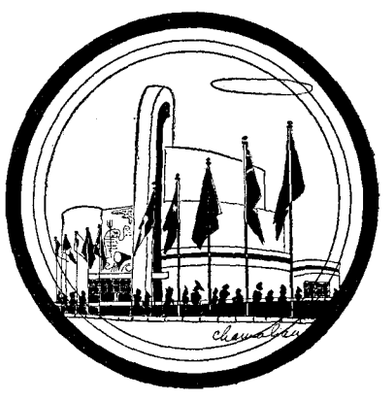
must develop wisdom and tranquilly survey what is merely an episode in mankind's long journey to the stars. "It is to the possible achievements of man," he writes, "that our ultimate loyalty is due."

While we consider these possible achievements of humanity a few centuries in the future we will presumably survey "our unquiet" epoch calmly; we can thus endure the thought of universal slaughter and the end in this epoch of all we have worked for and fought for. How long, the reader may ask, is an epoch? For the achievement of our peace of mind must we, or should we, assume this tranquility and be grateful for it? It might be considered a kind of betrayal of all man's hopes for the future, an act of appeasement or even of cowardice. It might be better for the man who has acquired wisdom, the "historical" man, to deny with all his being that it is necessary now, at the moment when the prospects for salvation from the Three Horsemen are so bright, to succumb to the Fourth. War, let us say, is not inevitable if we use all of our wisdom and our energies to prevent it. And if it should come despite the united efforts of the West, then we may have the qualities, the knowledge, and the courage to win it without universal destruction and the end of civilization. These dismal phrases became trite through repetition before the last war. We must have the courage to see that they are not an inevitable concomitant of the next if unhappily it should fall upon us. —H. S.

The Mad Heckler of Lake Success

By Raymond Holden

O GENTLEMEN! O Gentlemen!
I was not asked to join you here—
I who am all you strive to lose
Yet all you have! I whom you fear,
Yet whom you speak with, work with, choose!
Chairman! You see! They turn away!
For I remind them, as the sea
Reminds earth of its natal day,
Of their divisibility.
Please, may I ask you Gentlemen
What men are your constituents?
By whose election you have come
To bind their various intents
Within one brooding heaven's dome?
O Chairman! Bid them listen well
Whose sovereign union of slave pates
But shrouds in cold calcareous shell
The frail world's un-united states.
O Gentlemen! O Gentlemen!
Remember, in the human face,
The look of softness, caught unarmed;
The soul, without its carapace
Of things,—alone, alive, alarmed!
Chairman! Command such memory,
Suggesting how, for all his sense,
Crab-naked in shell-porphyry,
Man hides his throbbing innocence!
O Gentlemen! O Gentlemen!
Remember mouse and meadowlark;
The mild at times, the often fierce
(Since fur and feather, too, must mark
The stations of a death that nears).
Chairman, O Chairman, recognize
Me, the poor pleader for confusion!
For it gave man his colored eyes
And flesh its ferment of illusion!
O Gentlemen! Brave Gentlemen!
Here in your babel ring-around
Remember that all living things



On, above and under ground
Wield a sharp-edged love that stings.
O Chairman, knock with warning gavel
And stare those members down who rage,
Reminding them that who'd unravel
Man's violence first must crack his cage.
O Gentlemen! O Gentlemen!
Vote's voice and veto's make brave sounds
But hunger of the flesh and mind
May drive a parliament out of bounds
And leave you still with voice to find.
O Chairman, knock! Keep them in line
Till I have emptied on their ears
This passionate dissent of mine
To anchor that assent of theirs.
O Gentlemen! O Gentlemen!
Remember things that merely move
Like colors in a changing day
Whose only animus is love,
Whose love is for the far away.
O Chairman! Bring the gavel down!
Remind them of man's innocency
Without which reason would go down,
Offering no bottom to the sea.
O Gentlemen! O Gentlemen!
Think of the sunrise over home
The greedless spreading of the light!
Think of the color of the loam!
The proud possession of the night!
Chairman! Remind them of the rules
Of order which forbid mere pride!
Union's a wasp's nest full of fools
If the humble be not unified!
O Gentlemen! O Gentlemen!
Lay on the crosses of your arms
Your faces of authority
And seek that solvent of alarms,
The sanction of humility!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Poetry Editor

SIR: Apropos your request for advice in the current issue I don't think you need worry too much over a poetry editor's affiliation with a particular school. What should more vitally concern you in the choice of an editor is that he have sufficient sensitivity, catholicity, and objectivity to know a good poem when he sees one and to accept none beneath his standards.

I can think of two candidates right off with the necessary exacting qualifications, David Daiches and Ben Ray Redman.

MELVILLE CANE.

New York, N. Y.

Unprofessional Yoking

SIR: I want to point out an error in the Hal McIntosh drawing on the cover of your Aug. 26 issue. The yoke should be on the neck of the oxen, right forward of the hump, rather than where the artist drew it. I know because while in India with the Army I saw many bullock carts. For the same money Mr. McIntosh can be correct.

GEORGE LAPIDUS.

Bronx, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. McIntosh bows to the eagle eye of George Lapidus and promises that all future oxen will be properly yoked.*

Living Story

SIR: There has been considerable publicity recently to the effect that my son, David Foley Burnett, has started a magazine called *New Story* in Paris. Since he is now eighteen years old, I am sure he will bring to it all the enthusiasm of the young, and I wish him every success.

There is, however, one error in all this. *New Story* is not, as has been stated, a successor to a "demised *Story*." I, who have been paying taxes, reading manuscripts, and even negotiating for the refinancing and continuance of *Story*, kept alive at my own expense for the last ten years, must give the readers of *Story* every reassurance that it is not "dead." It has been suspended, but it is not yet prepared to yield its place of distinction to any other magazine.

Story contributors and *Story* writers and our contacts with them form the basis of the Story Press imprint in association with E. P. Dutton & Co. In justice to Dutton's and the authors published and still to be published in the coming years under that imprint, it would be nice if you could find space to dispel this possible confusion.

WHIT BURNETT.

Setauket, N. Y.

For Sympathetic Critics

SIR: Congratulations to Tennessee Williams for his cogent letter [*SRL* Aug. 19] regarding the need for more sympathetic handling of reviews of poetry.

A poet who dares to write a book today knows he is sticking his neck right under the hatchet. Most critics sneer well, damn brilliantly, but offer painfully little in the way of helpful analysis or encouragement. If a magazine would at least give a book of poems to a reviewer whose own work or background were in sympathy with the author's, the creative imagination in question might derive sustenance and guidance. Intelligent criticism should not depend on vitriol.

JEAN BURDEN.

Altadena, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"You mean you'd make me *pay* to sleep here? Why a fellow named Procrustes just offered to put me up free!"

Phoebe Snow

SIR: May I make a bow to Howard Cushman for praising the prosody of the Phoebe Snow jingles [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, *SRL* Aug. 26]? In creating the "late" Phoebe Snow—though "late" seems hardly accurate to describe a lady who flourished in the early days of the 1900's—my chief concern was a name metrically adaptable and with plenty of rhymes. A number of legends about her name have sprung up since. An officer of the Lackawanna Railroad gave out an interview many years ago in which he stated that a number of names were tried out at first, but that none of them went over until Phoebe Snow was adopted, which instantly clicked. Interesting idea, but as a matter of fact Phoebe was christened at birth with the name under which she first met the public. Another thing I tried for with some success was to imitate the "click-clickety-click" of the wheels of the train in my jingles. In the early years of the century jingles were popular in advertising—Sunny Jim, See That Hump, Spotless Town, Campbell's Soup—for advertising has its fashions which come and go.

I quite agree with Mr. Cushman that the only excuse for a jingle, in advertising or anywhere, is to be good at least in rhyme and meter.

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS.

New York, N. Y.

Of Books and Battles

SIR: I cannot forbear writing you about John Mason Brown's "The Two Fronts" [*SRL* Aug. 12]. It is by all odds the finest thing yet said on the war and its relation to literature, and I cannot recall anything in the field of letters that more adequately expresses this relationship.

The keen and penetrating analysis he gives of both books and battles; the frank admission that battles temporarily blot out the books and that in the long run the books must not be overlooked or left out—all this is so perfectly set forth that I could wish every American who reads widely could see this remarkable editorial expression.

An article like this is worth far more than a year's subscription to your publication—indeed why should we try to measure such a classic piece of thinking by a money standard?

WAYNE C. WILLIAMS

Denver, Colo.

SIR: John Mason Brown in his "The Two Fronts" seems to be saying that this is the time for us to throw up our hands despairingly and put our energies into a war of attrition. This is his point, however glowingly he may talk about what we are about to fight for.

Gone is hope, then, for those of us who may be called to serve, perhaps in the near future. Gone, too, for those who stay at home, for this war will

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

certainly be hell. Perhaps, as Mr. Cousins half suggested two weeks ago, the atomic war is essential for man's survival. But survival in such a raw state, despite its attractiveness to those who still believe in the "Noble Savage" of Rousseau, can be nothing to look forward to.

Mr. Brown is known to be a very perceptive man, and when such a one resigns himself to the imminence of disaster what can a young man of twenty-two do but defer? But is there anyone who can answer the question that shall be the epitaph of so many millions? Why, Mr. Brown, Mr. Cousins? Why?

GERALD WALKER.

New York, N. Y.

True Peace Lovers

SIR: For Harrison Smith's information: pacifism is a firm and living faith for many in this country today, and they belong in the ranks of those whom you glorify for their belief in the tenets of Jesus Christ. Theirs is a positive, not a negative, approach. They do not wish the absence of war—but the presence of justice and equality. And they cannot help wondering if perhaps we go off to war so readily—against Junkerism, against Fascism, against Communism—because we are so reluctant to translate into living reality the pretty phrases we mouth about freedom and justice for all. The Koreans we're killing (to teach Russians a lesson, remember) must wonder why their defenders refer to them as "Gooks." And why the Americans in Korea before the outbreak never accepted them on terms of social equality; and why if we're so anxious to liberate them in Seoul we won't sell them houses in Los Angeles.

There are a lot of questions like this, Mr. Smith; and if you don't choose to deal with them now, you'll have to do it someday, you or your successors. It just happens that most of the pacifists you feel so airy about believe in democracy—real, solid, 100-per-cent democracy. And they have yet to see it demonstrated that democracy can be delivered at the end of a bombsight. They are unhappy and despairing to see their country thus playing the Communist's game, delivering into Russian hands all the ammunition it needs to spread the tale of Yankee imperialism. They also know who are the true peace lovers and who are the newly come fellow travelers, grasping at this chance to divide and conquer. Maybe you'd better pull your head out and see what's happening in your country.

RUTH EDGAR MALONE.

Long Beach, Calif.

"Antidote to Barbarism"

SIR: Ashley Montagu's "Antidote to Barbarism" [*SRL* Aug. 19] is a report which should receive the widest possible distribution as a great contribution to democracy through better racial understanding, or perhaps the "elimination of racial misunderstanding" would be the better term.

I'm in hopes that *The Reader's Digest*, with its wider circulation, may republish it giving you credit for this significant article and offering reprints of it.

RICHARD E. MYER.

New York, N. Y.

Personal History.

What are probably the three most popular kinds of autobiographical writing are represented among this week's books. The nostalgic memoir, redolent of a vanished era, is a literary staple in England as it is in America, although overseas it is apt to resemble Viscount Templewood's "The Unbroken Thread" [SRL *Aug. 19*] *more than "Life with Father" or "Cheaper by the Dozen." Cynthia Asquith, member of a group "not quite brave enough for this Brave New World," charmingly recalls an Edwardian country-house childhood in "Haply I May Remember." For those who enjoy guffaw-provoking time-passers like Ruth McKenney's "My Sister Eileen," Betty ("The Egg and I") MacDonald reports her escapes from the Seattle wolves in "Anybody Can Do Anything." The countless readers who seek inspiration from a tale of courage will find it in Turnley Walker's account of his bout with polio.*

English Country Life, Grand Style

HAPLY I MAY REMEMBER. By Cynthia Asquith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 237 pp. $3.50.

By JULIA DAVIS

AS LOOSELY strung as an old necklace, this series of vignettes describes an Edwardian childhood in the now-vanished English country life, grand style. It is skilfully written, lit with humor, evocative. Again we have the incessant house parties laced with great names, the ramified family connections—not quite so corruscatingly moon-mad as the Sitwells, but with their own brilliant eccentricity—the amusing but devoted servants, and the house itself, so broodingly alive to its occupants that they feel it "has a face."

Cynthia Asquith, a daughter of the

Earl of Wemyss and March and daughter-in-law of the late Prime Minister Asquith, has begun her book with a disclaimer—a letter to an importunate friend explaining why she of all people should not write her reminiscences, and then has gone cheerfully on to do so, still addressing the same anonymous friend. As a result her sketches have an engaging informality well suited to the subject. They are like a series of conversations with a charming woman who has lived well, known "everybody," seen the top of the tree of life in her time. All the people are lovable, relatives and visitors, great men or "Freaks and Funnies," as the less attractive guests are called. The servants are all quaint old characters. The episodes are entertaining. The greatest warmth of writing is found in the descriptions of the house itself.

The author sat for an unusual number of artists, from Burne Jones to Augustus John, and made friends with them. She knew writers, from Oliver Lodge to James Barrie, and statesmen from Balfour to Churchill. She has not imprisoned them, as so many writers of autobiographies do, behind a picket fence of "I's." Her own personality, obliquely described, peeps through the pages as shyly as a squirrel.

If she has, as her friend claims, "a mind equipped to detect significance in change," she does not make it obvious. It is the shining surface of English life which she depicts and not the depths. She writes with penetration about the subtle changes which take place in the relationships of the generations in a family, but outside her social circle insight ends. Only in one or two paragraphs referring to the beggars in London or the workhouse

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are there hints that all was not entirely bright in the England of that prewar day.

The galaxies of young cousins grow and talk and play, as free from material concerns as if they were disembodied spirits. It is true that the houses were cold, that lamps or candles were the only light, that a visit to the single bathroom was an expedition, but there were always servants to light the fires, to trim the wicks, to bring the hot water to a tin tub on a towel before the coals. Where the money came from no one appeared to know. If there were not enough of it, one could sell a few horses. When later in life Lady Cynthia turned writer and breadwinner it is still with a sort of happy surprise.

Written with enjoyment, haunted by nostalgia, this is definitely a book for those who want to read about the high old days. About mothers who were fairy godmothers in yellow velvet coming to say goodnight rather than witches in a kitchen shaking an admonishing spoon. About gardens always tended, lawns always mown, meals always appearing on the table. About a sunlit leisure for reading, hunting, talking, enjoying the arts. It is in short, as Lady Cynthia says herself, a book for those "not quite brave enough for this Brave New World."

Again the Swan

(A milkman finds a swan in his truck. —News item.)

By Leonora Speyer

HOW tell the swan from the milk,
So white amid the white,
So mixed and merged—
White bottles in a row,
And this pale drift,
This flurry of disconcerted snow?

Here is the end of flight,
And mute. And mute.
Refuge of white, the dream
Of a far, milky stream—
Bewildered paddler with his broken foot,
His humbled wing held tight—
Strange sight of milk and milk,
Crouching cream against cream,
White dazzling white—
And stranger thirst; I seem
To know all drought upon my mouth . . .

Oh to stay this famine, this fire
Deep in my throat,
To drink now of the bird,
Whiter than whey,
Than curd!

The Executives & I

—*Dolph Zubick.*

Betty MacDonald — employers who "functioned as wolves."

ANYBODY CAN DO ANYTHING. By Betty MacDonald. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 256 pp. $2.75.

By Josephine Lawrence

BETTY MACDONALD'S third hilarious book should carry a subtitle: "My Escape from the Wolves." Seattle was full of them and redheaded girls seem to have been their special prey. There must have been a few employers whose minds were fixed on commercial subjects, even in the Depression, but they eluded the Bard girls—or perhaps it was the other way around.

Chronologically the new story is set midway between Mrs. MacDonald's two previous successes, "The Egg and I" and "The Plague and I." Whatever she expected life on an egg farm to provide, it manifestly could never duplicate the bustle, excitement, and noise of her mother's hospitable house nor offer the affectionate admiration of the home circle. When Betty left a note for her husband, took her children, and went back to the lights of the city, she also returned to the atmosphere of her childhood. And especially to her sister, Mary.

Mary, two years older than Betty, was born a leader and Betty came into the world touchingly willing to be led. The two formed a coalition as children that was not without its penalties for the trusting younger partner, but which was to endure through maturity.

The first item on the agenda of a woman with two children to support is usually a job. Mary, who could do anything, had always assumed that Betty could concur. This belief was complicated by Mary's preoccupation with executives: she would work for no one not an executive, she considered herself an executive, and she decided that Betty might as well be an executive, too. From that point on they skidded gaily in and out of offices, meeting and vanquishing other executives, most of whom developed split personalities and functioned as wolves. How much is fiction, how much fact—it is incredible that the natural impulse to retouch should have been resisted — has no bearing upon the constant flow of laughter.

There are also devastating sections like the chapter on that ghastly institution the office party. Betty, attending as a noncombatant because she worked with firms too small to stage get-togethers, often even emerged with her polished armor dented. She wound up by breaking her ankle at an office skiing party, only to be regarded as a poor sport because she mentioned the pain.

As a matter of fact, business comes out a poor second in all these encounters. Betty couldn't master shorthand, she couldn't sell in any capacity, but Mary steadfastly refused to lower the banner inscribed with her slogan that anyone can do anything. And because she could sell anyone anything she found job after job for Betty, who was fired from job after job or, for the sake of variety, occasionally left. But when at last she landed with the NRA and later the Treasury Department, she fitted in. No taxpayer will wonder why. If not stupefied by his struggles to foot the bills, he will be refreshed by the happy employee's comment: "There were thousands of us who didn't know what we were doing, but we were all doing it in ten copies."

It is a book to read for the enjoyment of the moment and forget. If one mulls it over, inevitably the bright, metallic threads of which its sparkling fabric is woven darken and tarnish with dismaying rapidity. Little tawdry and shabby spots eat into the surface shine. For if employers were cheap, licentious, and phony, the Bard girls were habitually in the humiliating position of playing faker themselves. There are offices where more than one girl is employed but apparently, except for the Government jobs, they avoided these concerns as they would the plague. With perseverance substituted for pyrotechnics, honesty for histrionics, endurance for escapism, Betty might have put herself on her feet and earned a living as quietly and efficiently as other women have done before her. Anybody can do anything, but is everyone willing to?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Polio Victim & Victor

RISE UP AND WALK. By Turnley Walker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 95 pp. $1.75.

By BETSEY BARTON

IT IS an odd quirk of the human mind that surrounded as we are by the constant threat of tragedy we are able to believe in it only for others, never for ourselves. Because of this, however anxiety-ridden our lives may be, to each one of us the fact of tragedy must be a grim surprise.

In a small book titled "Rise Up and Walk" Turnley Walker tells how the surprise came to him in the form of polio. With its customary swiftness the dread paralysis, which apparently no longer confines itself to children, snatched him from his familiar world of writer-husband-father and thrust him into the narrow, isolated world of a pain-wracked hospital bed. What he felt and thought about this new world and how he finally walked with faltering steps out of it five months later makes up the substance of his book.

When polio attacks now the patient is not allowed a moment's peace. The war against the leaden grip of the paralysis begins immediately and is fought day and night by a battery of nurses and physiotherapists who warm the body, massage it, and exercise it relentlessly while the person inside looks on with a sense of alienated horror. The body is suddenly no longer a personal thing kept modestly clothed that one runs around in; it has become the naked, sickeningly disobedient property of everybody who handles it.

"They want to help, but I wish they'd leave me alone," groaned the man across the ward from Turnley Walker. "I don't like women pulling me around." Then, later, in fear and pain, "Don't touch my leg that way—please!"

When the pain goes the acute part of the disease is over, and a doctor explores its ravages. The men on Mr. Walker's ward watched him give the muscle test, each one secretly hopeful or disappointed as he compared his condition with that of his companions. And the fight to force back the paralysis continued; the exercises, the massage, the straining to move weakened muscles went on.

In spite of the advances in rehabilitation the victories in this fight are unfortunately still a matter of luck. Motion began to return slowly to Mr. Walker's limbs over a period of months. Some of the others were not so lucky. In the gym he worked on regaining his strength surrounded by the courageous examples of children in braces and crutches. And he learned that with proper appliances almost everyone who gets polio can walk—somehow.

While still bedridden he had been helped by the presence of his wife and later on together they faced the children. But although the agonizing possibility that he might never walk again remained, something else became more important: work. Work meant money, but more than that it meant sanity, resolve, usefulness.

An editor came to see him then and spoke severely. That night he took up his old manuscript with reluctant dread. He describes vividly the excitement of finding that his brain worked as efficiently as ever. In a wheelchair, bent over his papers, he was again a writer. It didn't matter so much. He might never walk perfectly again, but here was a way out. In the realm of the creative imagination physical limitations don't count.

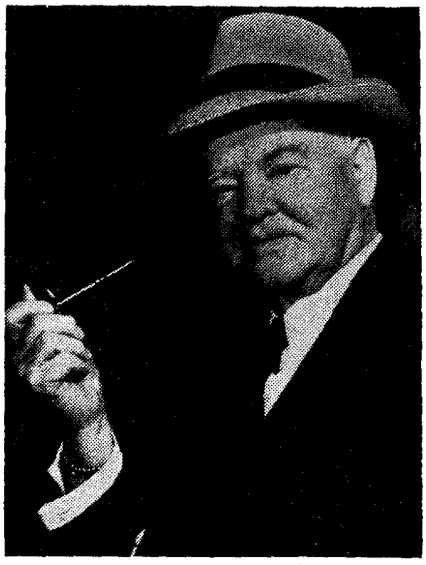
It wasn't until he had finished a piece of work that he told his wife. He was not stalling; he had started in again. Her words were a benediction and she spoke them proudly:

"You aren't waiting for your legs."

That is the story so far, told in a lean, bare style. But the book ends disappointingly early. I want to know more. Is Warm Springs as helpful as Mr. Walker thinks it will be? How "well" does he get? If he recovers completely, the reader should know and be allowed to rejoice with him; if not, then the readjustment to life with a permanent disability, which is the most moving part of this tragedy, should have been told. The victories recounted here would then be mere symbols of victories that will have to be won over and over again on deeper and deeper levels.

As the report of a fragment of dramatic experience, then, "Rise Up and Walk" succeeds admirably; as literature which will add to understanding that experience it fails. Aside from death the loneliest, most private, most revolutionary experience given to man is that of sudden crippling. Because of its complex nature it may be impossible to describe it fully to others. Possibly a new language is needed. In his effort to be terse, to underplay the emotional aspects of his material, Turnley Walker hardly makes use of the language we have.

Betsey Barton is author of "The Long Walk," "And Now to Live Again," and other books.



—*Leon Lazarian.*

Herbert Hoover — "more than a nominal Quaker."

Personal History Notes

HERBERT HOOVER: American Quaker, by David Hinshaw. Farrar, Straus. $5. This is a frankly partisan study and Mr. Hinshaw does not pretend that it is anything else. He believes that Mr. Hoover's "Quaker qualities were the determining influences on his purpose and faith, his thoughts and actions . . . the key at once to his strength as a statesman and his difficulties as a political leader." He stresses, properly, the fact that Mr. Hoover is more than a nominal Quaker, or a Quaker by mere inheritance. The son of a Quaker minister, he "lived in Quaker houses and in Quaker communities and attended Quaker schools until he was seventeen years old." This theme is stressed throughout the text. Not since Millard Fillmore, who entered the White House just a century ago, has a President of the United States survived the arduousness of that high office longer than Herbert Hoover; it is fitting, therefore, that one of the five parts into which Mr. Hinshaw divides his treatment is devoted to Hoover the ex-President. A valuable appendix gives essential extracts from speeches and state papers and a summary of national editorial comment on the occasion of our only living ex-President's seventy-fifth birthday last August.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

LEOPOLD RANKE: The Formative Years, by Theodore von Laue. Princeton University Press. $4. As the father of "scientific" history Ranke, whose life almost spanned the nineteenth century, has exerted an immense influence over European and American historians. It is therefore the more

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remarkable that adequate evaluations of the man and his method have been scarce in English and have been confined almost entirely to professional journals and histories of historiography. This attractively printed volume traces his career during his first forty-one years, less than half his life span of unremitting labor but formatively the significant half. Each of Mr. Von Laue's seven chapters is a pleasing essay in interpretation. His monograph is more noteworthy for grace than for exceptional penetration, and his observations sometimes echo with a mildly sententious cadence. But it is no small achievement to invest a philosopher with human qualities; Ranke ceases to appear the forbidding master of the seminar here and becomes a vulnerable and likable mortal, divided by his realism and his idealism. The inclusion of his "Dialogue on Politics" and his essay on "The Great Powers," which Mr. Von Laue has translated for appendices, not only illustrates Ranke's concepts on life and history but enables readers not familiar with German to comprehend something of his style.

—Geoffrey Bruun.

JILL AND I AND THE SALMON, by Jack Russell. Little, Brown. $3. The first years of the Depression found Mr. Russell at forty-nine thoroughly tired out by years of high-powered (and very successful) salesmanship. He had traveled all over the world selling American motors, and everywhere his business had taken him he had also pursued his hobby, which was fishing. Engaged to be married to a pretty young ballet dancer from London, he must now decide whether he could ask her to spend the rest of her life in the wilderness, if he should expand his own camp into one large enough to accommodate ardent fishermen who would come as paying guests.

Jack Russell has written a spirited and entertaining account of his twenty years as "host and inn-keeper, a protector of miles of salmon water, head of a loyal clan of rivermen, instructor in the art of the fly rod, and admiral of the fleet—of canoes." What began as a small cabin, newly built for him and his bride, was expanded over and over again, until a full complement of sixty could be accommodated. He and his adaptable young wife (who, as a mere sideline, produced and brought up their two sons, in addition to her other duties) had to learn how to run a hotel business, render first aid, lay down laws of safety, deal with difficult and demanding guests, with guides, with Government regulations.

Thoroughly agreeable, informative (salmon fishing has a language of its own), and unassuming, this book is good reading, and not only for fishermen. —Pamela Taylor.

VIRGINIA REEL, by Virginia Gilbert. Lippincott. $3. This book is a bargain. On the jacket you get a writing blonde who outdazzles that pin-up author of the Shirever de Amber series. For a story you get a combination of "Life with Mother" and "My Sister Eileen" tricked up in an Old Dominion accent. The trick is Mother's, and the accent is Yankee electroplate, for Mother was an Indiana pianist who came to Virginia as a bride in 1918. Left an impoverished widow with three little girls and two grand pianos, she arpeggioed her family through depression and war, through college, weddings, and bill-collectors' sieges.

As Virginia, the eldest daughter, tells the tale, Mother's music was not the food of love; it was food, period. She gaily bartered Chopin, "Glowworm," and five-finger exercises for fresh eggs and liver pudding — yes, and for coal, college scholarships, and bill-collectors' reprieves.

Dressing three attractive daughters is a program to make strong men quail. Mother took it in stride, which was short but strenuous. At the end of a needle she was a creative genius. At the end of a fountain pen she was something else again. A bewildering number of her letters involved safaris on Mother's part, the most memorable being her song-peddling expedition to Irving Berlin's office.

But don't blame that chain reaction of laughter entirely on Mother. Those "three jewels" of hers are in on it, too. Teen-ager Virginia taught tap dancing, staged local extravaganzas not without incident—and had to be yanked out of a night-club show in Union City, N. J. Folks, though, at "White Oaks" had a high old time. So will you. —Ann F. Wolfe.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

LITTLE I ASK

A. C. Palmer, of Pomfret Center, Connecticut, offers twenty requests from well-known poems. Can you match the quotations with the poets? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 48.

1. You must wake and call me early, call me early, Mother dear.	( )	Arnold
2. I pray thee, then, write me as one that loves his fellow-men.	( )	Byron
3. Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past That shrunk thy streams.	( )	Coleridge
4. Come, dear children, let us away; Down and away below.	( )	Emerson
5. O Lord, be merciful to me, a fool!	( )	Field
6. O weary lady, Geraldine, I pray you, drink this cordial wine.	( )	Fitzgerald
7. All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?	( )	Gilbert
8. Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!	( )	Herrick
9. A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, Take thou in charge this day!	( )	Hunt
10. Maid of Athens, ere we part, Give, oh give me back my heart.	( )	Kipling
11. Bid time and nature gently spare The shaft we raise to them and thee.	( )	Longfellow
12. Look for me by moonlight, watch for me by moonlight.	( )	Macauley
13. "Now, don't you go till I come," he said, "And don't you make any noise!"	( )	Milton
14. Judge of the Nations, spare us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget.	( )	Noyes
15. Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere; Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear.	( )	Poe
16. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.	( )	Scott
17. Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door.	( )	Shakespeare
18. Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.	( )	Shelley
19. Are you old enough to marry, do you think? Won't you wait till you are eighty in the shade?	( )	Sill
20. "O father! I hear the church-bells ring! O say, what may it be?"	( )	Tennyson

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Publishers' Corner

A LOCAL ADVENTURE

ONE WOE doth tread upon another's heel. Following our recent analyses of the present financial insecurities of book publishing comes an equally gloomy picture of book selling. A recent report of Gilbert Goodkind, executive secretary of the American Booksellers Association, shows concisely just how gloomy it really is. Goodkind got 131 booksellers to answer an exhaustive questionnaire describing their financial mechanics as a basis for his report. Qualifying it by pointing out that booksellers have no uniform accounting practices to distinguish precisely what they are doing, Goodkind came up with these rather disheartening statistics—all in terms of sales dollar:

Books cost them, including the delivery price to the bookstore	65.1¢
All salaries, including those of the owners	15.2
Advertising	1.6
Taxes—not income taxes	1.3
Rent, insurance, store maintenance, depreciation, and utilities	9.4
Printing, stationery, shipping materials	2.
Contributions, interest, and miscellaneous costs	3.7
Total costs	98.3¢

This leaves the dealer with a profit of 1.7 cents—which is hardly glorious. Thus, if he sold 10,000 copies of a three-dollar book, he would—given the standard 40-per-cent discount — have left only $204. He could up the ante a little if he had sufficient money in the bank to take cash discounts on his purchases. But Goodkind reports that only thirty-five out of ninety-three booksellers have enough cold cash to take advantage of these discounts. And the thirty-five that do average only a .3-per-cent discount. Even when he picks up this crumb the most a bookseller can earn is 2 per cent of sales.

So goes the Goodkind report, and though I feel sure that some department stores and bookstore chains get a better return, his figures basically represent the facts of life for the great majority of booksellers.

It is obvious that this is a marginal business, that there is precious little profit left to the stores for improvements, promotion, or advertising. Publishers view this state of affairs with considerable perturbation. The bookseller is the primary market, all other avenues being no more than subsidiary sources of revenue. And so there is some scattered effort to aid the bookseller in his misfortune. Publishers may foot part of the dealer's advertising bill; they may also supply posters, booklets, direct-mail postcards, and other such sales aids. Indications are that this sort of publisher-bookseller cooperation will increase during the next few years.

Many booksellers believe, however, that these gestures are inadequate. New departures in discounts and financing have been called for. The reason wherefor is easy to see. By the time the bookseller pays for delivery of books he has only 34.9 per cent left out of the list price—not much with which to make a fortune. And so we have the constant assertion that publishers ought to raise the discount or at the very least cover all delivery costs.

Looked at from the publishers' viewpoint, this presents a grim prospect. I have previously demonstrated that the publishers' take on an average three-dollar book selling 10,000 copies was likely today to be in the neighborhood of $600 plus whatever bonanzas might come in the way of rights. To give the bookseller a further 2-per-cent discount would be to have no profit at all.

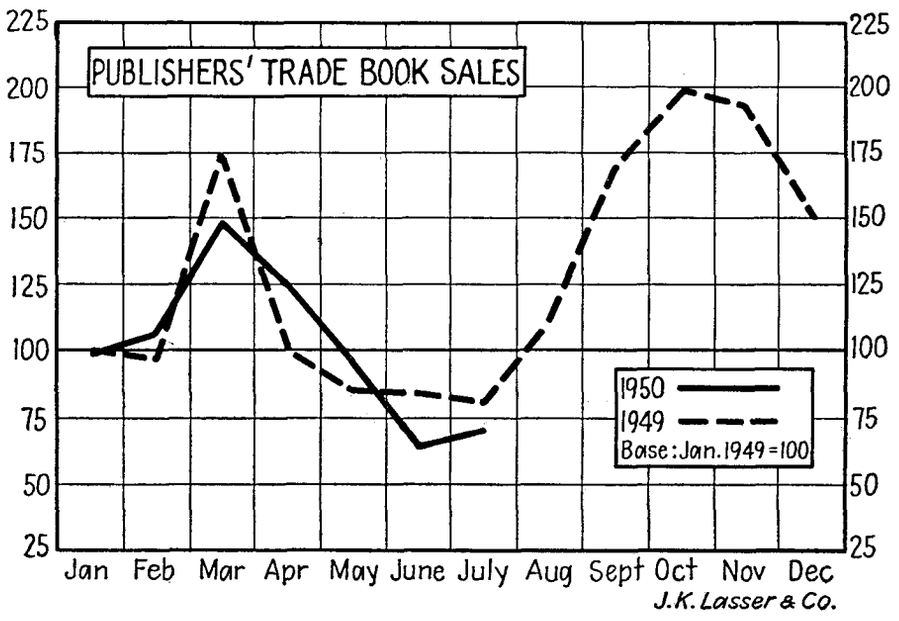
Granted that the discount schedule must remain static for the present, much still remains to be done. The creation of a consignment system with booksellers would help enormously. Under it the dealer would not be charged at all until he had made a sale. This would free the stores of the entire financing problem and it would give them the funds to develop better selling techniques, better merchandising, better-looking stores. The publishers would have to finance the inventory at the stores, thus increasing their own costs for the financing expense. With their own inventory in the hands of the stores publishers are going to be much more promotion minded themselves. They will get more than ever into the cooperation needed to make local selling prosper.

Suggesting that publishers finance booksellers until they have made a sale will find this column generously damned on publishers' row. Perhaps in self defense I ought to note that one of our largest publishers—the Literary Guild—has already broken ground for the system. It furnishes to important stores all the needed books *plus* selling methods to start new local members of the club off on their first book. And I've been told that the stores laud the club as giving the major base for profits in trade-book activities.

One point bothers some people in publishing who have been approached with the need for the financial revolution suggested here. How do we police the stores? How can we make sure payment for the books is made when sales occur? One answer centers on cooperative action by the publishers in checking or auditing units. Another suggests that the whole job is really the province of the collective booksellers themselves—through their Association. But whatever the method of policing, the basic idea merits thorough consideration by the entire book industry.

IN JULY trade-books sales were 86 per cent of those in the preceding July. The sales for the first seven months were 98 per cent of the same period in 1949. Our index covers the sales to all sorts of distributors.

—J. K. LASSER.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICANA

(*Continued from page* 20)

and after he replaced Johnston, is adequate, although there is no particular discussion of Hood's relations with Johnston, and no attempt is made to evaluate Hood's leadership and tactical and strategic capabilities as an army commander faced by a strong and versatile opponent. The account of the important Tennessee campaign, particularly Hood's failure to cut off Schofield's retreating army at Spring Hill, seems inadequate. The battle of Nashville, which marked Hood's exit as an army commander, is disposed of in less than two pages. There is no adequate critical analysis and evaluation of Hood as an independent army commander. This is particularly unfortunate in view of the consequences of Hood's failure on the fortunes of the Confederacy. When effective Confederate opposition in the West ceased the fate of Lee's embattled army in Virginia was sealed. The end followed soon after Hood's defeat at Nashville. The concluding years of Hood's life are treated as fully as available material permits. Undoubtedly his letters and correspondence were burned after the death of himself, his wife, and several of his children in New Orleans from yellow fever.

The author has made good use of Ben Ames Williams's revised edition of Mrs. Chestnut's "Diary from Dixie" in recounting Hood's love affair with "Sally" Preston and he has located some hitherto unused material bearing on his early life and on his Confederate military career. There are, however, too many minor errors of detail, such as mistakes in spelling, incomplete or inaccurate footnote citations, and inaccurate statements. There is an adequate bibliographical note and an index.

Thomas Robson Hay is author of Hood's "Tennessee Campaign."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 378

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 378 will be found in the next issue.

GB NLWJ KLGPBCG

MCGLJX LX

BZXDJFJ. JHJSXBF:

JFONLXP GSELGX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 377

Despair exaggerates not only our misery but also our weakness.
—Luc De Vauvenarques

Americana Notes

TOBACCO IS AMERICAN: The Story of Tobacco Before the Coming of the White Man, by Harold J. Spinden, New York Public Library. $5. Nothing is more American than tobacco, and the Spaniards did not introduce it into Peru—the Peruvians already knew all about it. Europeans were not the first to adapt tobacco to medicinal uses; the Mayas had so employed it for centuries. Certain historical errors about tobacco have become "standardized," says Dr. Spinden, who is curator of American Indian art and primitive culture at the Brooklyn Museum, and while this scholarly and engaging little treatise is not concerned altogether with demolishing legends, a few get splintered as he goes along. The pipe, too, is an American invention; the rudimentary cigar came later for the reason that the broadleaf wrapper was itself a later development. Eighteen plates supplement the compact text. The book, designed by John Archer, is the second publication sponsored by the Arents Tobacco Collection of the New York Public Library. The first, still in print, is "A Few Words About Pipes, Smoking, and Tobacco," by Alfred Crowquill (Alfred H. Forrester), a previously unpublished manuscript.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE PRINCIPLES AND POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, by John Taylor, edited by Roy Franklin Nichols. Yale University Press. $7.50. John Taylor, graduate of William and Mary, Revolutionary soldier, friend of Jefferson, planter, on three occasions briefly United States Senator, published this long treatise at Fredericksburg in 1814, when he was sixty-one years old. The fact that it has never previously been reprinted does not minimize its importance and significance; "no small part of the oratorical contests which had so much to do with the coming of the Civil War," says Dr. Nichols in his comprehensive introduction, "were fought with the ideas of Taylor." He "may be said to be the first Muckraker," and "anticipated the Populists, the Progressives, and the New Dealers

—From "Southern Harvest."

of a later day." His 200,000-word essay now reappears, 136 years after its original and last previous publication, as the first in a projected series of Rare Masterpieces of Philosophy and Science undertaken by the Yale University Press under the editorship of Dr. W. Stark, lecturer in social studies at the University of Edinburgh.

COTTON MATHER ON WITCHCRAFT ("The Wonders of the Invisible World"). Peter Pauper Press, Mount Vernon, N. Y. $3. Cotton Mather would not be pleased by this reissue, the first in the twentieth century, of his defense of the New England witchcraft persecutions, even though the present is easily the most charming investiture with which his famous pronouncement has ever been graced. Sometime after its original publication in 1692 he admitted that "there had been a going too far in that affair," meaning this book, and now, more than a quarter of a millenium later, his words seem likely to go farther still. The new edition is published as the first unit in Peter Pauper Press's "Library of the Fantastic and Curious"—Cotton Mather would like neither of those adjectives or his primacy in the series. But he belongs and is an excellent choice for Number One. His grisly observations make excellent collateral reading with Marion L. Starkey's recent "The Devil in Massachusetts." It *did* happen here.

NAVAJOS, GODS, AND TOM-TOMS, by S. H. Babington. Greenberg. $3.50. Dr. Babington's interest in the Navajos began some twenty years ago when he joined a scientific expedition as its physician. Medicine man met medicine man, and respect and under-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

standing were mutual. Dr. Babington does not pretend to be an anthropologist or an ethnologist, but he obviously holds to the creed that the proper study of mankind is man, and his informal account of his experiences among the Indians is pleasant and heartwarming as well as informative. Though this is not another "doctor book," there is much interesting medical data in it, both recent and ancient. The ills to which present-day desert-exploring parties are most liable are minor cuts (requiring quick attention before sand works into them) and chapped lips (due to excessive dryness of the atmosphere). Chronic sinus conditions, unless due to pollen allergies, do not improve. Judging from extant skeletons, the Navajos seem to have suffered extensively from rheumatoid arthritis, and terrible epidemics must have swept their communities repeatedly—a forty-year-old man was a patriarch. The book is peppered with interesting little factual oddments, such as the information that tumbleweed was introduced to the West from Siberia in the Nineties as an antierosion measure. There are interesting photographs.

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF AMERICAN GUNS, by Captain John Houston Craige. World Publishing Co. $4.95. The gun molded America, says Captain Craige, ex-Marine and considerable of a gun-toter himself, and Americans are the most gun-conscious people in the world. Hence this book, a manual of hand-arms from the Kentucky rifle to the Garand, including pistols, revolvers, and shotguns—everything, in fact, that expels a metal pellet (or pellets) by means of exploding gunpowder. The accent, as stated, is on operation. This is not a historical treatise, but a compact, comprehensive, and comprehensible cyclopedia of gunnery. There is enough history, however, to delight the sportsman whose range is the living room. Captain Craige has jammed a tremendous mass of fascinating and useful information into fewer than 350 pages, and to the process he has brought not only expert knowledge and the capacity to impart it, but good reading, deftness of touch, and high good humor.

HISTORY OF UNITED STATES NAVAL AVIATION, by Archibald D. Turnbull, Captain, USNR, and Clifford L. Lord, Lt. Cmdr., USNR. Yale University Press. $5. On November 14, 1910, Glenn Curtiss's star pilot, Eugene Ely (there were as yet no aces), flew off the deck of the cruiser *Birmingham* at Hampton Roads, and American naval aviation was born. On January 18, 1911, Ely landed on the deck of the battleship *Pennsylvania*. Thirty-four years later naval aviation had forty thousand planes, operated a hundred carriers, and supervised a personnel of nearly half a million men. In the long interval all had not been plain flying. The bombing tests of the early 1920's produced an era of ill-feeling, which the layman regarded as a clash of personalities rather than of principles (it was both). In 1933 naval aviation lost a great apologist when Rear Admiral William A. Moffett vanished with the aircraft *Akron*; seventy-two officers and men went with him. This is a solid and meaty book, and not oversized. The telling of the story is in the hands of experts gifted with historical detachment; they do not gloss over shortcomings in planning or in performance, but they point with pride, and they have a right to. There are sixteen pages of excellent photographs and a frontispiece portrait of Admiral Moffet, to whose memory, as "seaman, airman, statesman," the narrative is dedicated.

A TEXAS COWBOY, by Charles A. Siringo. William Sloane. $3. J. Frank Dobie (and who better?) sponsors this reissue, which is subtitled, in 1950 as in 1885, "Fifteen Years on the Hurricane Deck of a Spanish Pony." Siringo was "the first authentic cowboy to publish an autobiography," and "no record of cowboy life has supplanted his rollicking, restless, realistic chronicle." That is high praise, and from an unimpeachable source. Siringo was not touched by the divine fire; his "excuse for writing," he declared in the first line of his preface, was "money — and lots of it." His book did not do at all badly; between 1901 and 1912 (the only period for which exact figures are available) 98,000 copies were printed, and sold largely by news-butchers. "Some day," parenthesizes Editor Dobie, "the history of butcher boys as purveyors of literature should be written." Siringo's technique is admirable: he is never static; he keeps moving; he tells about it. This is the Southwest for real—real because Siringo found it easier to tell the truth than to make things up and he obviously wanted to tell the truth anyway. Mr. Dobie's good introduction has some admirable examples of cowboy reading and the hunger for it. The high-brows were mainly on the Northwest ranges — Montana, Wyoming, and the Dakotas. There were few Ph.D.'s in the Southwest. Siringo's narrative is sound and lively Americana, well meriting republication under such valid auspices. Tom Lea's drawings would delight Siringo.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

—From "A Texas Cowboy."

WEST POINT: A History of the United States Military Academy, by Sidney Forman. Columbia University Press. $3.75. The United States Military Academy will celebrate a century and a half of continuous existence in 1952. This brief history may well serve as an advance notice of that event. However, it does little to bring out the glamour and interest of cadet life at West Point. Strangely, mention of Benny Havens, an institution at the "Point" for fifty years in the mid-nineteenth century, is confined to a footnote. There is no mention of the numerous fights and duels that took place and no particular account of the escapades of cadets who afterwards became famous. There is an interesting chapter on sectionalism with comment on the inferior preparation and academic performance of Southern cadets, but there is nothing on the indifferent performance and conduct of cadets during the Civil War. Except for a chapter on their contribution to early railroad building, little consideration is given to the varied activities of graduates in other walks of life. The nonmilitary contribution of graduates and ex-students to American life—to law, literature, art, education, business and industry, etc. — is barely mentioned.

The "new" West Point of the early twentieth century is adequately described, but the continuation of this program of building expansion, which took place in the Thirties, is only briefly noted. Likewise, the passing of the horse is not mentioned nor is the change of the course from four to five years in 1855 and its restoration to the present four-year period in 1861.

The book is well printed, there are a number of good illustrations and a good index, but the bibliography is inadequate. Books and manuscripts cited in the text are not included, the most conspicuous omission being the papers of Gen. Joseph G. Swift, the first graduate, who did so much to keep the institution functioning in the face of much opposition and indifference.

—THOMAS ROBSON HAY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SRL Goes to the Movies

WHEN FACED WITH EVIL

". . . something to say about all of us . . . who knuckle down."

AT TIMES it has almost seemed as if the climate of Italy must be responsible. How else was it possible to explain the steady succession of magnificent films that since the war have arrived in this country from the sad, defeated boot of Europe? There have been, among others, "Shoe Shine," "Open City," "To Live in Peace," "Paisan," "The Bicycle Thief," and, now, "Difficult Years."*

But the climatic theory is too simple. Orson Welles made "Black Magic" in Rome, and his tasteless failure can be testified to by those who even whiffed that monstrosity. Not even Roberto Rosselini, the master himself, is infallible; it may have been love, but "Stromboli" was a shoddy failure. Actually, the average Italian film probably isn't much better than the average produced in Southern California, but, except for technical superiority, Hollywood's best is rarely as good as Italy's best. What's more, as good businessmen American producers rarely take chances. I doubt if many of them would have tackled a film like "Difficult Years." In the first place, it has a decided point of view, and conceivably a U. S. Senator from Wisconsin, an exhibitor in Memphis, Tennessee, or even a police lieutenant in Chicago, Illinois, might disagree. Moreover, no expert on public opinion advised Luigi Zampa, who directed the film, or Sergio Amidei, who wrote the script, that audience interest might lag unless the boy-girl angle was played up, unless there was a little more violence. "Difficult Years" simply tells what Fascism cost one Sicilian family in the decade from 1933 until U. S. Army troops landed on the island in June 1943.

Aldo Piscitello is a Government clerk. There are those who would call him a "common man," but he is not that; neither is he simple. He is like most of us. He wants only to be let alone. During his twenty-one years of signing this, of filing that, he has operated on the theory that if a man minds his own business he is safe. Then one ominous day he is summoned by the Chief, the baron who is not only governor of the province but also his landlord. Why, the baron wants to know, is Piscitello not a member of the Fascist Party? Aldo explains that he has always managed without politics. Nonsense, says the baron; either Piscitello signs up or he will be dismissed.

That night Piscitello takes his problem home. His is not an idyllic home life. His wife is a domineering nag who has a suspicious liaison with the local Fascist Party secretary. His teen-aged daughter is a foolish adolescent. If she had been an American, she would at the time have been moaning over Rudy Vallee or writing for the autograph of Clark Gable. As it is, she reads the cheapest novels and sighs over the virile voice of Benito Mussolini. Then there are the twins, too young to matter much, though old enough at the end to go off to the wars, and Piscitello's father, whose mind is vastly confused about anything that has happened since he was sixty. Piscitello's son Giovanni, who is his greatest pride, is away in the Army on mysterious maneuvers of some kind.

When Piscitello mentions the baron's ultimatum at the dinner table his wife says, of course, he must join the Party; she can arrange it for him. But he doesn't like Fascism, Piscitello argues. "Thousands better than us say that Fascism is a great thing," his wife replies, and that ends the argument.

Later in the evening Piscitello walks up the hill to the pharmacy where the local intelligentsia gather nightly to solve, only verbally of course, the problems of the world. What should he do? Piscitello asks. Should he knuckle under or should he refuse? He has always thought that if a man believes in liberty he has to fight for it. The intellectuals give him a lot of philosophy and dialectics, but they are of no real help. He must, they shrug, decide for himself.

So Aldo Piscitello gets himself a Fascist Party button, and in the tragic years that follow he goes to the meetings on the proper days; he carries the heaviest banners in the parades ("Believe!" the banners demand. "Obey! Fight!"), and he sees his son go off to Ethiopia, then to an unknown destination, which turns out to be Spain, finally, to Albania, and, eventually, almost but not quite to Stalingrad. Giovanni, whose character is only lightly sketched, hates both the war and the Fascists, but, like his father, like the intellectuals, he does not protest. Nobody does—except the pharmacist. On the day Mussolini declares war against France the pharmacist marches into the street singing "La Marseillaise." He is immediately arrested and never seen again.

TOWARD the heartbreaking end of "Difficult Years" Piscitello walks back to the pharmacy to tell the intellectuals that only the pharmacist was right, that all of them should have shouted their beliefs on the streets instead of whispering them to each other, but by then it is too late. Sicily is a shambles; Piscitello's home has been destroyed, and on leave from the front Giovanni is murdered by two hurriedly retreating German soldiers.

When Aldo Piscitello returns to work a few days later he is again summoned by the baron. The baron has

*DIFFICULT YEARS, screen play by Sergio Amidei, Vitaliano Brancati, Franco Evangelisti, and Enrico Fulchignono, based on the novel by Vitaliano Brancati. English version by Arthur Miller, directed by Luigi Zampa; produced by Falco Laudati for Brignglio Films.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YEAR'S BEST AMERICAN PLAY!
N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD and DONALDSON AWARD
the ETHEL WATERS
in
Member of the Wedding
by CARSON McCULLERS
with JULIE HARRIS
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
Air-Cond. EMPIRE, B'way & 40 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

N.Y. DRAMA CRITICS AWARD
DONALDSONS AWARD
THE
CONSUL
by GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI
PULITZER PRIZE WINNER
"Overwhelming Success!"
—New York Times
Air-Cond. BARRYMORE, W. 47 St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

If you are going to move it is necessary that the proper notification be made to SATURDAY REVIEW by letter, post card, or post-office form No. 22S, giving the old address, as well as the new, with postal-zone number if any. You should also notify your local post office on postal form No. 22 of your change of address. Both postal forms are obtainable at any post office.

As considerable time is required to process a change of address, you are urged to advise the SATURDAY REVIEW Subscription Department as soon as you know your new address, preferably three weeks in advance.

SATURDAY REVIEW

Subscription Dept.

25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

now become the mayor, and seated beside him is a fat, cigar-smoking American captain. The baron smiles unctuously. He is terribly sorry, he says, but he must dismiss Piscitello. After all, Aldo was not only an admitted member of the Fascist Party; he wore the uniform of those who marched on Rome (a favor arranged for her husband by Mrs. Piscitello with the help of the local party secretary). Therefore he must go. Only good democrats like the baron himself are needed now that the Americans have arrived.

Piscitello, a broken old man, walks into the street, which is crowded with GI's bargaining for souvenirs. One has bought the uniform from the twins. Not recognizing Piscitello as the owner, the GI tells Aldo he has paid 2,000 lire for it. Does Piscitello think he was cheated?

Aldo Piscitello shrugs and sits down on the curb. "It cost me much more than that," he says.

Like most movies which attempt to capture the moods of a decade, "Difficult Years" is often jerky; it appears to have been badly, sometimes confusingly, cut. Arthur Miller's subtitles are frequently pretentious, and John Garfield's narration occasionally interferes with the otherwise wonderfully sustained mood. But these are minor matters. More important is the fact that "Difficult Years" has been superbly directed by Zampa, who was also responsible for "To Live in Peace," and it is magnificently acted by the entire cast, most of whom seem to be real people living their lives in full view of a motion-picture camera. For example, Milda Vitale as Maria, Giovanni's wife, is plump and seedy; her make-up happily lacks the Hollywood touch. Enzo Biliotti as the opportunistic baron looks like the glutton that he plays; he has the appearance of a man who prefers comfort to principle. Massimo Girotti as Giovanni is the single exception. Girotti, who is certainly not to blame, is an almost excessively handsome man; he happens, too, to be a fine actor, and any day now he will surely be on his way to the West Coast.

But the real triumph is that of Umberto Spadaro as Piscitello. Spadaro is a small, stoop-shouldered man, and there is about him always the pleasant reminder of another little man who also manages to be at once both heartbreaking and funny, Mr. Charles Chaplin.

"Difficult Years" is an important movie. It has something to say not only about Italy during the Fascist years but about all of us who when faced with evil equivocate, who whisper our beliefs instead of shouting them, who knuckle down instead of fighting back. —MERLE MILLER.

"LUXURIOUS HUMOR!"—Hawkins, Wor.-Tele.
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present
The Happy Time
A New Comedy by SAMUEL TAYLOR
Based on the Book of the Same Name
by Robert Fontaine
Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
Air Cond. PLYMOUTH, W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN
RAY MIDDLETON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC, 44 St. W. of B'way • Air-Cond.
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

AMERICA'S GREATEST PLAY!
"Mister Roberts"
"Maturity and gayety are an irresistible combination, and this play has both. 'MISTER ROBERTS' has more show vitality than anything since 'What Price Glory?'. For a rollicking, sobering, tender and passionate side-splitting twinge of the heart—'MISTER ROBERTS'." —WALTER WINCHELL
NEW YORK • ALVIN THEATRE
starring HENRY FONDA
with PAUL STEWART
WILLIAM HARRIGAN • DICK VAN PATTEN
Evgs. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.

"Where Russian Food Is a Fine Art"
Next to Carnegie Hall

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED for TRAVEL

REWRITING PRE-HISTORY

WE HAVE had a visit from Mr. Hal Hennesey, a short gentleman with a long mustache who holds three national records for weight lifting in the 132-pound class and some very revolutionary theories about archeology. Mr. Hennesey, who likes a touch-and-go situation a good deal better than the next man, told us that adventure began for him when he joined the American Field Service in North Africa in 1941 and became one of the Desert Rats of Tobruk. He switched to the American Army Air Corps for a spell and wound up with the OSS, an organization which saw fit to drop him behind the Japanese lines in China. He walked out through the rice paddies and over the mountains following a 1,500-mile circuitous route from Changsha to Hankow.

Hennesey got along especially well with an OSS colonel named Leonard Clark, a man now in his early forties, and the two decided to cook up an adventure together when the war was over. They were repatriated to the United States on separate ships, and Hennesey lost track of Clark until the ex-colonel broke into *Life*'s issue of October 3, 1949, with a story about finding in Tibet a mountain higher than Everest. By the time Hennesey had traced him Clark was back in China recuperating from a bizarre fracas. He had been found with a hole in his chest lying next to two dead men on the floor of a Canton hotel. The affair, known as the Canton Incident to circles in which international intrigue is as popular a topic as the weather is in Wichita, became a Far Eastern *cause célèbre*. But Clark ultimately went free, and the two former agents finally got together.

In exchanging ideas on such broad subjects as man's beginnings they found they both had some remarkably similar notions. "We had a private theory, Clark and I," Hennesey told us. "We believed that civilization started in America before Africa, Babylon, and the Indus Valley. We felt that the cradle of mankind was no farther away than Yucatan. We wanted to prove that civilization in America was 25,000 years old instead of 3,000-4,000 as most archeologists think. At the time the Neanderthal man was walking around Europe with a club in his hand the man of America was developing a civilization comparable to what the Europeans had 25,000 years later—at the time of Christ."

Hennesey and Clark flew to Merida, near Yucatan's north coast, in January of this year and outfitted an expedition. They visited the well-known Mayan ruins first, as Hennesey explains, "just to get into the mood of the thing." Then they took a bus down to Campeche, bought two mules, and hired a guide named Telesphoro, who had a horse, an idiot son, and one front tooth. They renamed the guide "Telephoto" and set off down the middle of the Yucatan jungle. The land they chose to explore was virtually forbidden territory. Other archeologists had written that the only route to the jungle-sealed ruins was via a blimp, which could lower a rope ladder over a likely area, but the men would still be obliged to hack their way to the coast to get out alive. Even *chicleros* working the chicle trees never ventured more than twenty-five miles from their base, because of the threat of the jungle and also because of bandits who hijack *chicleros* and then sell their mules and the chicle they have gathered. Clark and Hennesey found it tough going. They also found thirty-two graves of *chicleros*. Cause of death: unknown. They hunted for wild turkey and *chachalaka*, a type of jungle chicken, but found if their plugged game didn't drop on a plumb line out of the sky the chances of retrieving it were zero. Before they got back Telephoto, with horse and son and most of the food and water, had jilted the expedition and left for home. Of the three maps provided respectively by the Air Force, *National Geographic*, and Carnegie Institute no two agreed. One dark night a jaguar killed one of their mules, sent the other scurrying off to eventual death somewhere in the bush. They walked into their base at Xkanha with their guns, their cameras, and the clothes they wore. They also had some stories of finding four allegedly undiscovered Mayan cities all in Quintana Roo, a territory of Mexico. The largest covered at least sixty square miles. They named it Dawn City.

THEN they flew up to Mexico City to have a look at a pyramid in the suburb of Cuicuilco which Clark had first visited in 1935. A five-terraced affair, the pyramid sits in the shadow of a volcano called Xitle. When Clark first saw the monument it measured fifty-three feet from the ground, but even then Mexican workers were sinking a deeper shaft along its sides looking for its original base. Now Clark and Hennesey found a trench thirty feet deep, dug through lava stone, indicating that the pyramid had been partially covered in the eruption of Xitle. "But Mexican Government literature," says Hennesey, quoting Mexican archeologists, "states that the eruption of Xitle occurred 25,000 years ago. Herbert

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spinden, who was once the head of the Explorer's Club, claims that the pyramid was built on a rise of ground which the lava didn't reach. Personally, I think he is holding to obsolete theory. We maintain that present-day archeology is deluding itself anyway." We asked Hennesey when Spinden had made his statement, and without batting an eye he said, "In 1948, in a book called 'Ancient Civilization in Mexico and Central America.'"

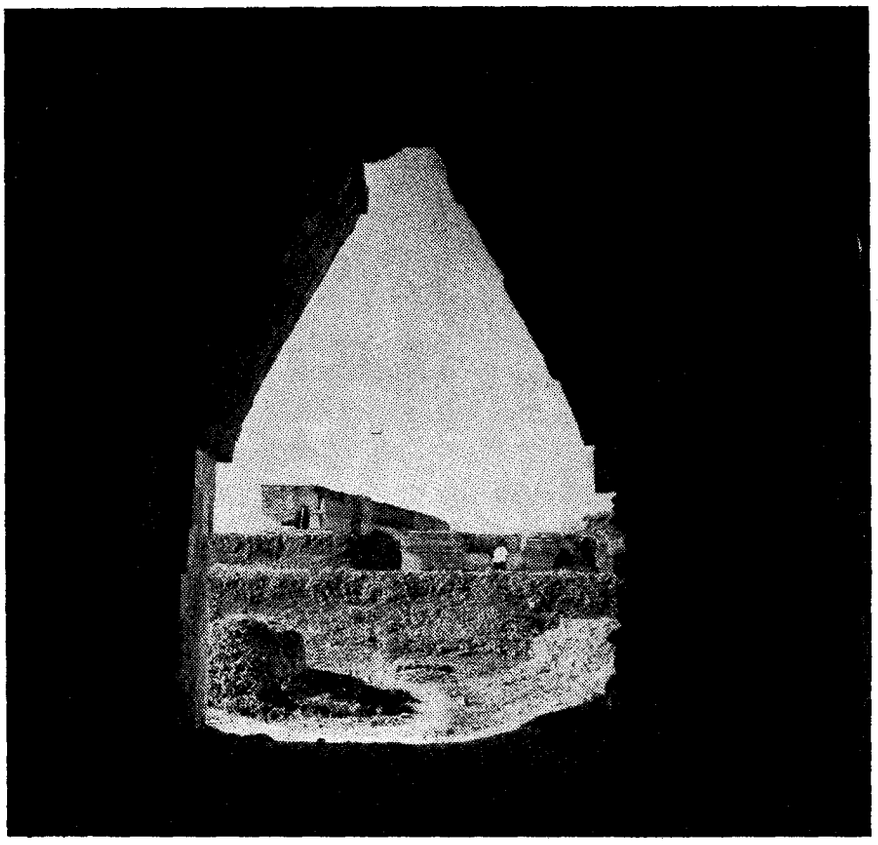
Hennesey's skepticism of American archeologists, he says, is a doubt born of controversy. "Take the Tuxtla statuette," he offers. "It's a famous Mayan ruin with the date printed right on the back. But that date has been interpreted three different ways. Frankly, the archeologists are offering the public a ridiculous hodgepodge that is considered by laymen as fact."

TO BUTTRESS their own theories, Clark and Hennesey offer these supporting timbers: (1) considering the weathering indicated on the pyramids of Egypt and computing the annual rainfall on the Yucatan peninsula, they figure the age of the cities they discovered at about 15,000 years old. They claim the first Mayan settlements probably were in the vicinity of Dawn City in Quintana Roo, and later migrations spread the civilization north to the so-called New Empire of Yucatan and south to the Old Empire of Northern Guatemala. Most archeologists, Hennesey told us, claim original settlements in the Old Empire are 3,000 years old and spread to the New Empire 1,500 years later; (2) the corn symbols in Mayan bas reliefs and sculptures look like the corn we know today. Yet Manuel Cirerol, former director of the Federal Museum at Merida and prominent Mexican archeologist, says that corn required 20,000 years of constant cultivation to bring it to its present form, and (3) they point to the story of the pyramid of Cuicuilco.

Hennesey claims that the older and accepted archeologists are deliberately deflecting new evidence. Says he, "If these men were to contradict themselves now by admitting a new theory, it would knock over the archeological apple-cart, and most of American pre-history would have to be rewritten." Clark and Hennesey have taken it upon themselves in the meanwhile to rewrite 60,000 words of the world's pre-history, a tome they call "Exploring the Land of the Feathered Serpent." Like the theory, the book hasn't as yet been accepted.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Hal Hennesey patting an Aztec head in "The House of the Jaguars."



Maya arch, Uxmal governor's palace (rear) are superb examples of ancient architecture.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

(*Continued from page 17*

of the very few living and breathing fictional characters of the last twenty-five years. In fact, he steps right out of the pages of the book into ordinary daily life. He is painfully and hilariously real. And, in this one case, it is all done effortlessly by the author. He merely reports I. Small's words and actions. You laugh at him and with him. You also suffer with him. His son (and apparently the author) seems to think that he is a horrible old fool and tyrant, a disgusting hypocrite, and a figure of fun. But this is a jaundiced view. Actually, he is none of these things.

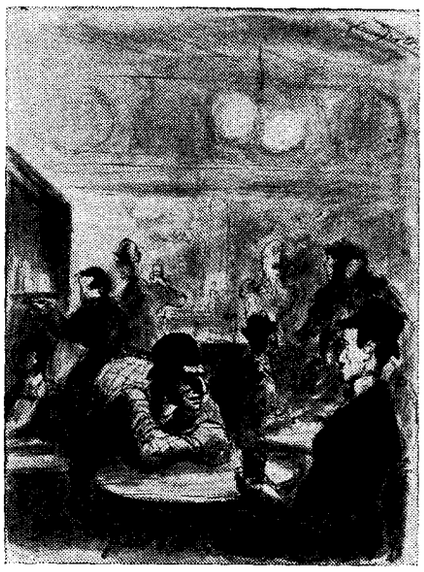
At first what you notice most about him is his remote foreignness (Millie Small, his wife, an English Jewess, always keeps him reminded of his Polish origins); but in a little while you forget his superficial differences, and he becomes just a man, just another human being. He could be French, Italian, German, Irish, or Sassenach; he is the bedeviled Average Man of the world, bewildered by his family, trying to make a living against almost insuperable odds, baffled by social changes, and only wanting a little peace, which, of course, he never gets. He shouts and screams and hits about him with a folded newspaper, but at heart he is a kind man, and well meaning, who can never make himself understood and goes from failure to failure, despised or patronized by all.

In the book he is used as a foil for the triumphant Solly Schwartz, the cripple, who, courageous and ruthless, masters his environment. But he never entirely comes off as a character.

Gerald Kersh is a powerful but extremely uneven writer. He is capable of projecting scenes, both comic and tragic, of first-rate intensity and reality; and on the next page he will bore you to exasperation with the mooncalf maunderings of his hero.

It takes patience to read this book to the end, but your patience will be rewarded. Character creation is almost a lost art. Too many writers are trying to prove something. When you are trying to prove something in fiction your characters become mere object lessons. If Kersh is trying to prove anything at all it is that the world stinks. It's a large subject. Meanwhile, his characters do not get lost in the shuffle.

A writer who at this point in time is able to create a character capable of standing on its own feet beside Wilkins Micawber can be allowed a few faults.



—From "The Thousand Deaths of Mr. Small."

Fiction Notes

MELODY, by Elswyth Thane. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.50. When "Tales of the South Pacific" was staged to music a new era set in for male romance. Men of a certain age and uncertain hairline came into fashion as lovers. Juliets passed up wooers of their own generation and sighed for Romeos old enough to be their fathers.

It is high time someone did something for the lady Ezio Pinzas of the world, and I think I have just the heroine to get started on. If Rodgers & Hammerstein will but give their accustomed little push to Elswyth Thane's "Melody," the middle-aged Juliets will be in clover. For the girl the man couldn't forget has a daughter thirty years old.

At this point it is only fair to explain that the man is seventy years old. But this seventy is chronological only, not psychological or physical. Women hounded Adrian Locke, R.A., London's most sought-after portraitist. He was Prince Charming in Mayfairyland, and there were some very young lasses indeed who longed to be—schemed to be—his princess. He stayed single because he still loved Alison Safford, who had gone to America with her violinist husband twenty years ago.

To stay single took considerable doing, for Adrian was tender-hearted as well as fascinating. Widows and orphans maneuvered him into betrothals, and he was too chivalrous to cause pain by breaking an engagement. Someone had to do it for him, usually one of his retinue of women friends.

One fine day a girl named Monica arrives from the States and comes to Adrian's studio. Soon the high-society cat-clawing that customarily went on there becomes a blitz of flying fur. For Monica, so she says, is the daughter of Alison the Unforgotten. Actually, she is Alison herself! Reader, take it from there and have a good time.

"Melody," written in the key of charming improbability, twinkles with the grace notes of sophisticated comedy. Elswyth Thane is in top form with the thrust and parry of the Master-Jeeves relationship and she has a wicked way with the polite infighting of drawing-room intrigue.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

A PRIVATE STAIR, by David Loughlin. Harper. $2.50. "DeCarlo was a ship's electrician who aspired to be a used-car dealer . . . His friend [Gordon Allpike] did not know how far a tical went in Bangkok, but he always went as far as his money . . . The small dancing girl who had sat down beside DeCarlo looked catlike and ready to spit. . . ." Around these three characters of questionable morality the author has embroidered a translucent web of circumstance through which they appear alternately as bold figures and dim shadows caught in the whirl of Siam's exotic atmosphere. Money, sex, and violence are the mainsprings of motivation in this story of an adventurous man's losses and gains which can only be weighed on the metaphysician's scale.

David Loughlin belongs to that group of authors whose attention is generally fixed upon microcosms. It is a group which has grown chiefly out of the South, but its literary theories and techniques are being embraced by young writers from every section of the country. The essential quality of such writing is vagueness and it depends upon this for its effectiveness, yet its total impression upon readers is one of confusion. Those, however, who enjoy subjective journeys into miniature worlds will find their wanderlust amply satisfied in "A Private Stair."—Joseph M. Grant.

THE NIGHT AIR, by Harrison Dowd. Dial. $3. Add another—and an excellent—volume to the lengthening shelf of novels about the homosexual in our society. Here we have the story of Andy Moor, an actor in the middle forties, unsuccessful in his career and in his marriage, burdened with self doubt and anxiety. Andy had been a successful child actor, later an abortive composer. Seduced into homosexual activity at an early age, Andy's youth had been disorganized and dissolute. In his marriage with Kit, New England born and more than a little prim, Andy had sought stability and respectability. This novel is the consistently engrossing story of his

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discovery that this external "solution" has been no solution to his problem, of his reversion to homosexual practices and alcoholism, and of his final recognition and acceptance of himself.

"The Night Air" is a solidly constructed, serious, and absorbing work of fiction. Though it is the author's first novel, he has written it with a skill and a sure control of his material that attest a writer of mature and established talent. With one minor exception—an aging lesbian whom the author uses too patently to project his message—the characters are full-bodied, believable, and interesting persons. The background of the theatre world and the New York of bars and Greenwich Village apartments is skilfully and persuasively evoked. And the author's evident understanding of the psychological roots of his hero's disorder give depth and significance to his handling of a theme that has too often been mistreated by the prurient or the psychologically unlettered. —EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

THE STREET OF KNIVES, by Cyril Harris. Little, Brown. $3. It is a refreshing experience to come across a historical novel like this that does not attempt to substitute bulging bosoms and lush bedroom scenes for decent writing and adequate characterization. Mr. Harris's prose is lucid and pungent, and combines sound literary qualities with a flair for dialogue and the racy vernacular of the past. He also knows how to build up solid characters and clothe them in living, breathing flesh.

"The Street of Knives" has a definitely limited aim—to re-create for modern readers the fabulous saga of Aaron Burr's journey down the Ohio and Mississippi in search of empire, a search that ended in ruin for himself and all his followers, and in a treason trial that shook the nation.

Both characters and situations are handled with skill and intensity, and add up to an exciting story. If the purist historian will quarrel with the rather simplified versions of Burr as a crudely domineering personality with a single *ideé fixe*, and of his brilliant daughter Theodosia as a jealous termagant, they do not detract from the quality of the novel as such. Perhaps more pertinent is an important defect—the author's failure to provide sufficient background material, except in elliptic asides, by which the untutored reader might arrive at an adequate understanding of the Burr "conspiracy" and what it portended for the United States. Since the historians themselves, bound as they are to hard, unmanageable facts, have been unable to agree on a common interpretation, the field was wide open for the novelist's insight. That insight is here lacking.

The atmosphere of the times, however, is well presented, and so are a host of minor characters and the final disaster. All in all, a tale worth attention. —NATHAN SCHACHNER.

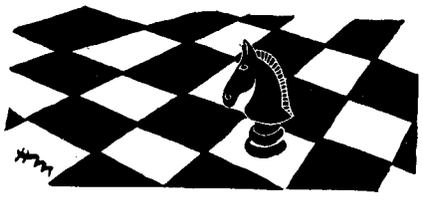
NIGHT WITHOUT STARS, by Winston Graham. Doubleday. $3. Although Winston Graham is not well known to American readers, only one of his books, "Cordelia," having been published in this country, he is an old hand at romance-adventure tales. He maintains a brisk pace, he crams excitement and suspense; yet with this he manages to bring his characters to life without making them mere vehicles for the plot. The love story in "Night Without Stars" (an English-French affair fraught with the perils of all English-French affairs) is valid and often touching. The author is less convincing in the realm of ideas and ideologies.

"Night Without Stars" is the story of the sudden entanglement of Giles Gordon, a blind man, with a group of leaders in the French resistance. These men, ranging from cutthroats to men of international repute, have found civilian life too tame for their tastes; they compensate by engaging in the thriving and highly dangerous black market. Gordon enters this netherworld via a salesgirl in a shoe shop in Nice, the sister of the well-known lawyer Charles Bénat. Bénat, "still a name to conjure with. Twice captured, seven identity cards, decorated by De Gaulle," runs the black-market gang, arguing eloquently for his personal immunity from the laws of "a sick Europe." Beginning as an "Anarch," he eventually admits to believing in "only one God, Charles Bénat, world without end, amen." Through his pursuit of Alix Delaisse, Giles Gordon is drawn into contact with this self-styled deity and before he can extricate himself he has become embroiled in intrigue, skullduggery, and murder.

As stories of this sort go, "Night Without Stars" keeps fairly well within the bounds of credulity. A blind man turned sleuth is a strain, of course, but the author remedies that by having Gordon regain the sight of one eye through a thoroughly described iridotomy.

A well-written adventure story, a pleasant evening's reading.

—ARTHUR C. FIELDS.



LITERARY LODESTONE

(*Continued from page* 10)

cent fun he had made in the *Overland Monthly* about an earthquake in 1868. Those early wits simply could not restrain themselves over this serious subject. Mark Twain three years earlier had compiled an "Earthquake Almanac" for the *Golden Era*, tracing the progression from "mild, balmy earthquakes" to this ominous forecast:

Nov. 6—Prepare to shed the mortal coil.
Nov. 7—Shed.

Mark Twain, or Sam Clemens, as a boy of fourteen in a Missouri village at the crossroads of the Mississippi with the overland portage to St. Joseph, had seen the start of the Gold Rush—the "Suckers," the "Pikes," the "Pukes," and other hardy backwoodsmen who paused in Hannibal to provision their creaking wagons and infect local citizens with the bonanza fever. Years later, contrasting the serenity of his boyhood days with modern times, Mark wrote: "The Californian rush for wealth in '49 . . . begot the lust for money which is the rule of life today and the hardness and cynicism which is the spirit of today." Too sweeping a generalization, it bears witness at least to the impact of '49 upon a quiet Missouri community and perhaps a thousand others over the nation. In 1861 young Sam Clemens ended his brief venture in soldiering under the Bonny Blue Flag (he once said, "I deserted—and the Confederacy fell") to join the Westward stream, try his luck in Nevada mining, then make his strike in journalism, finding both his true bent and his famous pen name. For young men like Sam Clemens it was a morning of exuberance. A promised land, where no fences and few mores had yet been built, demanded more picturesque literature than New York or Boston could furnish. These pioneers in the main were boyish adventurers, Elizabethans of the New World. In some moods they were prone to wax sentimental, such as nostalgia for the old home, womenfolk, and children; and cynical in others, notably in appraising the foreground of their environment and the motives of men. Sentiment and cynicism were the opposite turns of a reversible coat. Literature dealt liberally in both; the only unforgivable trait was dulness.

At this stage the essence of Western literary art was the anecdote in all its rich variety: the tall tale, the melodramatic shocker, the yarn of pointless garrulity, the humor of misspellers and malaprops, the canard of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Have you discovered the wonderful world of

Charles Williams?

author of
ALL HALLOWS' EVE,
THE GREATER TRUMPS, etc.

His new novel is

SHADOWS OF ECSTASY

AN EVIL POWER engulfs Europe . . . Riots, suicides, murders run rampant . . . The master of terrifying tales takes you into a world where the exultant pagans of darkest Africa rise up in arms against civilization. Here a sinister man offers promises of everlasting life, people seek grotesque dreams and meet grotesque ends — while natural and supernatural forces clash. Read the new novel by the man of whom *T. S. Eliot* says, "There are no novels anywhere like his."

At all bookstores, $3

PELLEGRINI & CUDAHY • New York 14

impossible coincidence, the chain of free association that wanders farther and farther from its announced subject, the comedy of intoxication, the animal fable, the delusions of a lunatic. All, by the way, can be illustrated from the pages of "Roughing It." A Southwesterner, Mark was born with storytelling in his bones; more of the art he learned from fellow miners around the campfire or blazing stove and from Dan De Quille and Artemus Ward. When in 1863 a San Francisco theatre manager telegraphed Artemus, "What will you take for forty nights in California?" and received the answer, "Brandy and water," one of the decade's notable lecture tours was arranged. The admitted master of American humor, he urged Mark Twain to seek a wider audience than the mining camps. In 1864 Mark chose California as his adopted state. In San Francisco he met Bret Harte, Mulford, and Charles Warren Stoddard, a sensitive youth with marked poetic gifts who knew how to write English but neither then nor later could spell it, even after becoming professor of literature at Notre Dame. Another companion was the humorist Orpheus C. Kerr ("Orfice Seeker"), currently married to the actress Adah Isaacs Menken, whose "Mazeppa" made her the pioneer strip-tease artist—la Menken, on these coasts rivaled in beauty and worldliness only by the dancer Lola Montez, then a miner's wife but formerly a king's mistress, a lady not with a past but a pluperfect.

These wits foregathered in the office of the *Golden Era*. Fitzhugh Ludlow (that singular combination of divinity student and hasheesh eater) described its atmosphere as mingling "California cleverness, Nevada naivete, and New York naughtiness." The air was heady and exhilarating. "It was a splendid population," Mark recalled years later, "for all of the slow, sleepy, sluggish-brained sloths staid at home—you never find that sort of people among pioneers . . . pioneers . . . that gave California a name for getting up astounding enterprises and rushing them through with a magnificent dash and daring and a recklessness of cost or consequence." He himself remained in the Bay region nearly three years—winning not only the first round of his national fame but also his maiden bid as a lecturer at the Academy of Music in 1866 (his handbill closing with the famous line "Doors open at seven-thirty. The trouble will begin at eight.").

UNLIKE Bret Harte, the perennial tenderfoot, and Mark Twain, whose Western years (however important) were an interlude between Missouri and the East, Joaquin Miller belonged wholly to the West and wrote of no other subject. Although springing from the prairies of Indiana, Miller liked to say he was cradled in a covered wagon, "pointing west." It took his impoverished farmer-father eleven years to reach Oregon, carrying the wagonload of Connecticut clocks that a Yankee trader had bartered him for his homestead. After hard labor on an Oregon farm the lad set off to live among the Modocs, transforming himself from a yellow-haired "sensitive, girl-looking boy" (as he described himself) into a hunter, fighter at the Battle of Castle Rocks, and possessor of a squaw concubine. Then, having acted out his dream role, he escaped from Shasta City jail, where horse-stealing had landed him, made his way home and quietly entered Columbia College at Eugene, graduated, and began teaching school. Prospecting the gold fields of Idaho and Montana followed, with a fling at newspaper editing and poetizing and marriage to a fisherman's daughter who had written Miller his first fan letter—in exchange receiving a flood of correspondence in that incredibly bad script which she could never read but took for romantic declarations. It was the first of many misunderstandings between them. After they tried unsuccessfully to storm the literary citadel of San Francisco Miller left her, alleging that Byron had deserted *his* wife, and this seemed the proper prelude to a literary career.

He tried once more alone to crash the coterie of the *Overland Monthly* but made only one true friend—Ina Coolbrith, niece of the Mormon prophet Joseph Smith, herself a poet and generous helper of poets. She taught him metrics, and is said to have suggested the miner's costume which he affected all the rest of his days, as well as the name "Joaquin" borrowed from the bandit Murieta—a pseudonym he wore ever after as a fig leaf concealing the primal shame of his having been christened Cincinnatus Hiner Miller. Ina Coolbrith also encouraged his desire to win fame abroad and before his departure accompanied him to Sausalito to gather laurel for Byron's tomb. England in fact became the proving ground in the early Seventies for most of San Francisco's literary frontiersmen—including Mulford, Stoddard, Mark Twain, Bierce, and a little later Bret Harte. To London, cultural capital of the English-speaking world, they flocked, eager to have their literary claims validated at the source and also enjoy the interest in California which those eminent Victorians displayed. Even in this picturesque company Joaquin Miller stood out like a scarlet tanager in a flock of crows. After all, he alone had really

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fought Indians, flourished a tomahawk, rustled horses, and lived to the full the epic of the Wild West. What was more, he deliberately dressed the part: high boots and spurs, red shirt, sombrero, diamond studs, and toothpick. The poet laureate Tennyson he hailed as comrade and described as "a dear old peanut." To show his virility Miller smoked three cigars at a time and once galloped on all fours around a Mayfair drawing room and bit the ankle of a thrilled debutante.

That was California for you. As poet, plainsman, squaw man, and centaur he found himself the meteor of a season, never again to blaze with such luster. The return of the native was an anticlimax. The log cabin he built with his own hands in a park on the edge of Washington, D. C., where he drew water with a well-sweep and slept on the skins of wild animals, seemed no less artfully contrived than his later domicile at "The Hights" above Oakland, where he put up monuments to Frémont, Browning, and Moses—pathfinders all—and a funeral pyre for himself, but for present solace kept a jug of corn liquor under his bed and loved to mystify club ladies and other visitors by the utterance of magic rain incantations while turning on a sprinkler installed over the roof. To puncture the innocent pose of Joaquin Miller is as unsporting as taking a rifle into a California state park. The fact remains that nature gave him a vigorous imagination, a tonic sense of the outdoors, ability to interpret the frontiersman's life to those who had lived it and to the world, and a power of natural description so vivid that he drew many West to see for themselves—including Hamlin Garland and George Sterling, as both acknowledged. The rocky headlands, the giant redwoods, the castellated peaks, and what he called "the grand and lazy old leonine hills" Miller loved with the sincerest passion of his life, and for that reason some of his poetry will outlast the tinsel of his affectations.

MORE to the modern taste, however, is the great literary naturalist John Muir, born in Scotland—a land to whose heritage and blood California owes much. Muir spent his boyhood among the Wisconsin lakes and studied at Madison before coming to California in 1873. Here in the Sierra Nevada he found his great good place. "After ten years spent in the heart of it," he wrote in "The Mountains of California," "rejoicing and wondering, bathing in its glorious floods of light, seeing the sunbursts of morning among the icy peaks, the noonday radiance on the trees and rocks and

"Thank You For Loving Me So Much"

"Now it is different for me," writes Franco Davide, ten year old Italian boy who lost both legs as a result of war bombings, to his American foster parent. "Before, my friends had to carry me on their shoulders, and when they were not around I had to move on all fours . . . I thank you for the legs, and for loving me so much."

Franco is but one of thousands who have been maimed and disfigured by war. Funds are needed for plastic surgery, artificial eyes, and prosthetic limbs.

You alone, or a group can help the thousands of children now in desperate need overseas, by becoming a foster parent. You will receive a case history and photograph of the child. Correspondence through our office is encouraged.

The Plan is helping children of fourteen different nationalities in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England, Czechoslovakia and China. By aiding these children you are working for the greatest aim of all—for peace.

The Foster Parents' Plan for War Children does not do mass relief. Each child is treated as an individual with the idea that besides food, clothing, shelter and education, the child will live in the homelike atmosphere and receive the loving care that so rightfully belongs to childhood.

EDNA BLUE, *International Chairman*

Partial List of Sponsors and Foster Parents

Nancy Craig, Mary Pickford, Mrs. William Paley, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Joan Bennett, Helen Hayes, Edward R. Murrow, Larry LeSueur, Ned Calmer.

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, INC. LOngacre 4-6647 (S-1)
55 West 42nd Street, New York 18, New York In Canada: P.O. Box 65, Station B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a War Child for one year. If possible, sex..... I will pay $15 a month for one year ($180). Payments will be made monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), yearly ( ). I enclose herewith my first payment $.....

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $.....

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State.....Date.....

Contributions are deductible from Income Tax

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

snow, the flush of the alpen-glow, and the thousand dashing waterfalls with their marvelous abundance of irised spray, it still seems to me above all others the Range of Light, the most divinely beautiful of all the mountain chains I have ever seen." The eye of the scientist joined to the perceptions of the poet made him the greatest of Western naturalists, never falling into the false or sentimental—for that would have betrayed his deepest instincts. His labors in the cause of conservation and the creation of parks and reservations also bore much practical fruit. John Muir's famous theory about the Yosemite—that it was formed by glaciers—has been so well vindicated as to give him the unconditional victory in his controversy with the pioneer geologist Clarence King, advocate of the theory of cataclysmic splitting. But to King, sometime member of the *Overland* staff in San Francisco, California also owes a debt, thanks to his "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada"—a classic of scientific description, gaiety, charm, and often hilarious humor. Nor among lovers of the Western country with a gift for words should Stewart Edward White be forgotten or that bird of passage Robert Louis Stevenson, a romantic Scot enchanted by these brown hills, the winding stagecoach, the swashbuckling outlaw.

If humor and adventure were keynotes of the first generation in California literature, idealism was that of the second. The fecundity of Nature, the hopefulness of a new and sunlit land, the friendliness of the West—which, as someone has said, converted the very word "stranger" into a greeting—met in the conviction that life should somehow be better, implicit with dignity and opportunity for all men of good will.

A few names will illustrate. Henry George, sailor, gold miner, typesetter, after a boyhood of Eastern poverty glimpsed the Western vision, and on returning East in 1868 was so deeply shocked by the slums of New York that he labored earnestly the rest of his life to save the nation and the West in particular from falling into the same pit—hoping by advocacy of the single tax to return the land to the people and becoming a great humanitarian hero at whose passing New York City exhibited a mass grief not seen since the cortege of Lincoln. "Progress and Poverty" is not belles-lettres, but its fire and urgency raise it close to the rank of literature.

Equally typical of his generation was Josiah Royce, scion of pioneers and graduate of the State University, later luminary of Harvard. All his philosophy pivoted upon this native idealism—the loyalty to one's best self and the human race from which all generous action stems.

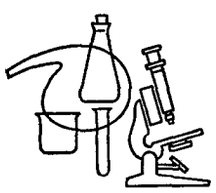
His friend Edward Rowland Sill, also associated with the University of California, nonconformist scion of Yankee divines and doctors, infused his few but intellectual poems with the same spirit. Royce summarized Sill's conclusions by writing: "Science is, or ought to be, poetry, and poetry is knowledge, and the humanity of the future will not divide life but will unite it." These are still noble words.

Another uprooted New Englander, Helen Hunt Jackson, in her tract "A Century of Dishonor" and the popular romance "Ramona," sought to redress the ancient wrongs done the first Californians, the Indians. Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe," published in 1899, voiced the quest for social justice in a form that millions came to cherish. Another adopted son of California was Charles Erskine Scott Wood—Indian fighter but later stout friend of the red man, adjutant of West Point, crusading lawyer of Portland, Oregon, and for many years after retirement the poet of Los Gatos—"that grand old rebel," as Senator Phelan called him, who grew more adventurous and outspoken with age, finding it less and less necessary to think and behave with the sobriety of youth, a free spirit escaped its chrysalis.

Even Ambrose Bierce, that self-styled devil's advocate, was a product of this same idealism with reverse English, as it were, spending his incandescent rages upon malefactors of great wealth, churchly hypocrisy, and the bullies of race prejudice. His needle of irreverent wit, so typical of San Francisco journalism in its second generation, was deft and cauterizing. Bierce's disappearance in 1913 into revolution-torn Mexico—a virtual suicide—recalls the pact of self-annihilation into which the novelist Jack London and the poet George Sterling entered. It was the final price extorted by that exhuberance which alone gave life its marching tempo and for them its whole justification.

Jack London, bastard son of an astrologer and a spiritualist medium, grew up on the Oakland waterfront, among saloons and dives, at the age of fifteen becoming an oyster pirate, roustabout, hard drinker. A whaling voyage to Japan, the life of a hobo, and a jail sentence for vagabondage completed this phase of his education. But he was saved from being just another bum by the Oakland Public Library, where Ina Coolbrith—after thirty years still the guardian angel

Science Reports to Mankind



The twentieth century . . . the century of science . . . has reached halfway into history.
How shall we handle the good we have created . . . and the evil? How shall scientist, humanist, artist and man of affairs approach the next fifty years, to make them good years?

At the Mid-Century Convocation held at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1949, this problem was evaluated. Thirty-six men, distinguished in the arts, sciences, education and government, traveled from many parts of the world to address this Convocation. Their approach to "The Social Implications of Scientific Progress" was authoritative and often dramatic.

Now this new book presents their opinions to inform and challenge you. But *Mid-Century* contains more than the speeches that stirred the fortunate audience and the press. Footnotes, introductory and appended material have been added. Most of the speakers have edited and extended their remarks. The thirty-six speeches now form the core of an interesting, instructive volume that is urgently important today.

By:
James M. Barker
Laird Bell
Richard M. Bissell, Jr.
J. Seelye Bixler
Percy W. Bridgman
John E. Burchard
Vannevar Bush
Erwin D. Canham
Winston S. Churchill
Karl T. Compton
Carlos Contreras
Lee A. DuBridge
Ralph E. Flanders
Clinton S. Golden
Lord Hailey
Sidney Hook
Bryn J. Hovde
James R. Killian, Jr.
Frederic Lilge
Sir Richard Livingstone
Jacques Maritain
Sir Ramaswami Mudaliar
Frank W. Notestein
Peter H. Odegard
Fairfield Osborn
Andrey A. Potter
Nelson A. Rockefeller
Philip J. Rulon
John D. Russell
Robert P. Russell
Pierre Ryckmans
Walter T. Stace
Harold E. Stassen
Charles A. Thomas
Sir Henry Tizard
Merle A. Tuve

MID-CENTURY

The Social Implications of Scientific Progress

Edited and Annotated By JOHN ELY BURCHARD, *Dean of Humanities, Massachusetts Institute of Technology*

$7.50

at your bookstore or from Wiley
Co-published by THE TECHNOLOGY PRESS
Massachusetts Institute of Technology and
JOHN WILEY & SONS, INC.
440 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of genius—directed his greedy appetite for books and urged him toward self-improvement. His virility, lavish spending, love of gorgeous trappings, sincerity, courage, determination, and passion for exact knowledge stamped him a true son of the West, at the close of the last century, no less than did his emotional immaturity and a quaint mixture of cockiness with a corroding inferiority complex. His social philosophy was also plucked green. An ardent Socialist, he was still under the spell of the Nietzchean superman—a kind of Tarzan in Marxist hand-me-downs, a social zealot intoxicated with brute power. The formula helps to explain why Jack London is incomparably the most popular American writer today in the camp of our enemy the USSR—where between five and ten million copies of his books have been printed during the last decade. Jack London was a totalitarian, half Communist, half Fascist (in those easily interchangeable terms), who yearned by violence to make the world over.

A more stable personality was Frank Norris, adopted San Franciscan, whose powerful novel "McTeague" no less than his unfinished epic of California wheat, in "The Octopus" and "The Pit," drew nourishment from this soil. The Octopus, with its stranglehold upon the agriculture of California, was the railroads—a theme reflecting not only the muckraking era but also the grievance of the agrarian West against the capitalist East—in a day when Populist editors were proposing bitterly that the Eastern creditor states withdraw from the Union with their moneybags, taking with them out of the Flag "the stripes which they so richly deserve." The untimely death of Frank Norris at thirty-two left the family's literary fortunes in the hands of his brother Charles G. Norris, author of "Bread" and "Seed," and the latter's wife, Kathleen, a popular but lightweight romancer. A more formidable representative of her sex in the same field was the late Gertrude Atherton, who for three generations seemed to hold the secret of perpetual youth.

BARELY to call the roll of California's century of books and authors is impossible here. For example, shall we claim the greatest living American poet, Robert Frost, a San Franciscan by birth yet a Yankee of the Yankees? Or the greatest living dramatist, Eugene O'Neill, long domiciled in California but producing little? To open the floodgates to consideration of other living authors, native and adopted, would be overwhelming. The prodigality of California includes such a harvest of poets, novelists, essayists, historians, playwrights—at this midpoint in the twentieth century—as to freeze the imagination. Ninety years ago, on the eve of the Civil War, before the bridge of telegraph and railroad, widespread fear was felt in the East that California, lacking firm social, economic, and cultural ties with the Atlantic seaboard, would grow up an uncouth, neglected stepchild of the Federal Union—vulgar, barbaric, illiterate, perhaps disloyal. Today such anxieties seem comic. Through many a year it has grown steadily clearer that the East Coast and the West are culturally the twin piers upon which the creative life of the nation has been most firmly anchored—with no disrespect meant to the Deep South, Middle West, and Rockies. Into this achievement, this emergence of a great Pacific commonwealth to keep in balance the intellectual equilibrium of the Union, a century of California literature has cast its decisive weight.

The story of a man who died for a lie he couldn't live

THE CIRCLE OF THE MINOTAUR

This original and distinguished first novel by a young Englishman is at once a tale of adventure and a deep inquiry into the disease of our age—the unshakable burden man bears away from acts of violence. $2.50

by STUART HOOD

A story of terrifying significance, told with the pace and intensity of the best suspense novels, by a brilliant new English writer. $3.00

by PATRICK BAIR

THE VIKING PRESS

At all booksellers

Pre-historic art, beautifully reproduced

THE LASCAUX CAVE PAINTINGS

These recently discovered French cave paintings and engravings are among the finest ever found. A great and inspiring spectacle, they have now been photographed and are reproduced in 160 monochrome and 8 color plates. $10.00

by FERNAND WINDELS

A humane and rational study....

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN SOCIETY

Known to American readers as a brilliant novelist and poet, Dr. Comfort is also a physician of high standing. His expert and enlightened discussion of sexual behavior – based on the latest modern findings—is a stimulating guide to healthy living. $2.75

by ALEX COMFORT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM THE MAINE WOODS: 1950

KENNEBAGO LAKE, ME.

THE MAINE woods are very green this year. They have had plenty of rain. The moss on the trails is like emerald velvet, new growth on spruce and pine and balsam like feathery plumes. It is easier just to *look*—at the changing light on the lake and the cloud shadows on the mountains—than it is to read even the most enthralling books. One listens, too, to the sounds: the lapping of tiny waves against the stones, the song of the wind in the pines, the angry chattering of a chipmunk. This reviewer found endless pleasure and profit, however, in reading the English version, by Delia Goetz and Sylvanus G. Morley, of Adrian Recinos's translation of the "Popol Vuh," the sacred book of the Quiché Maya. The unusual and so often beautiful phrasing of this ancient "creation" story, its freshness, and its dignity seem to harmonize with the sound of wind and water. Piling up high in New York are the new books for boys and girls. We shall come to them with even more zest than usual because of these weeks in the woods.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

JACK AND THE THREE SILLIES. Told by Richard Chase. Pictures by Joshua Tolford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 39 *pp.* $2.

IT WOULD be hard to find a story that would create more merriment among boys and girls, or among grown-ups for that matter, than this one. Tell it or read it aloud in the swinging, rhythmic phrases that Richard Chase gives it and then let them have Joshua Tolford's drawings, in color and in black and white. The end-papers alone take us straight back to the Great Smoky mountains, where the American version of this old tale was first told. It has a variant in many countries. England calls it a "droll" or an "old wives' tale." Their "The Three Sillies," recorded by Dr. Jacobs, is the nearest to this although the German "Clever Elsie," recorded by the Brothers Grimm, is very close. Perhaps they all come from the ancient Hebrew tales of the foolish folk of Helm. Dr. Jacobs says that "the sillies stories probably traveled from East to West." In any case, there is no funnier version anywhere than this one. No illustrator, as far as we know, has ever drawn pictures that so perfectly suit the tale. The last drawing of Jack and his wife "gettin' on well" is alone worth the price of the book. Sensible storytellers will tuck this book under their arm and start off with complete confidence in its power to make children laugh.

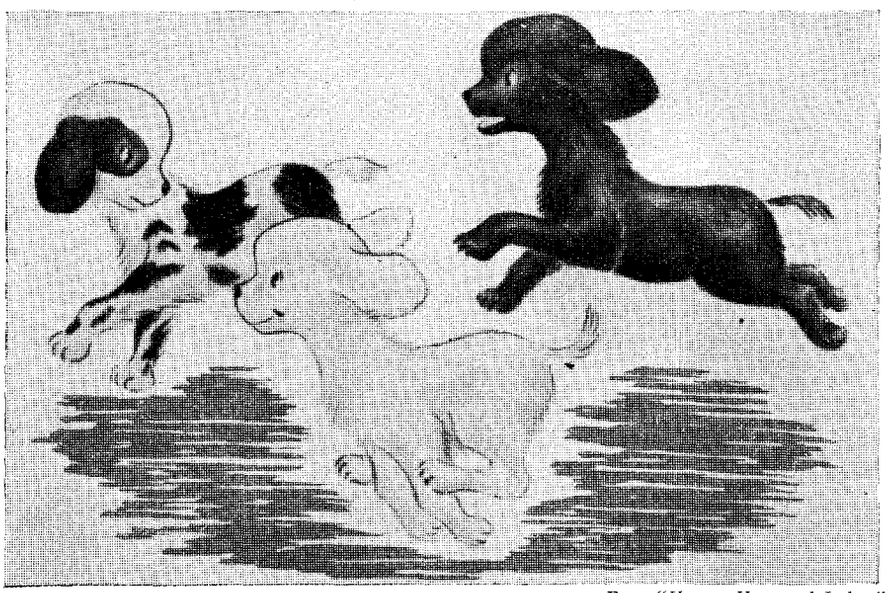
MAKE WAY FOR THE BRAVE: The Oregon Quest. By Merritt Parmelee Allen. Decorations by Kreigh Collins. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 236 *pp.* $2.50.

RED DAKIN was a "small boy for his age, which may have been sixteen, but tough and wiry, with red hair and lively blue eyes." So Merritt Allen introduces us to the hero of one of the best pioneer stories that this reviewer has read for many a day. It is a saga of the Oregon trail, of the terrible, almost impossible, journey across the Rocky Mountains and on to the mouth of the Columbia River that was actually taken by men like Jim Bridges and the Sublette brothers. The man whom Red followed in this record was the Yankee merchant Nathaniel Wyeth, who saw as if in a vision that the Northwest must be saved and colonized as a part of the United States of America. The strength of the story lies not only in the vivid chronicle of the journey but in the characters. Red is in every way a boy whom the young people of today can understand and admire. Wyeth and the Yankee minister, Jason Lee, are two sharply defined and admirable characters who represent that hardy band of New Englanders—men who helped to make the Northwest representative of the whole of America.

The action of the story never falters. It holds the reader at an almost breathless pace. The "villain," Mike Boyer, is one of those renegade white men who joined the hostile Indians and outdid them in cunning and cruelty. One leaves the story with the hope that Red's terrible experience ended in a full and prosperous life as a citizen of Oregon. It is not often that one finds a character as real as he is; tough and resourceful on the surface, inwardly sensitive to values, eager for the good things that life has denied him. This is an adventure story, tense and exciting. It is, too, a record based upon history, authentic and rich, with a scholar's knowledge of the men who helped to make America. It is a good-looking book, with end-papers in sepia and attractive black and white decorations.

HAPPY, HERO AND JUDGE. By Hazel Dannecker. Illustrated by Lilian Robertson. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. No paging. $1.50.

Mr. Dean, the hero of this picture book for younger children, is a mild-looking little man in spectacles who was lonely and thought he would like to have a dog for company. The story, generously illustrated with black and white drawings, tells how he acquired not one dog, but three: Happy because "he would be good company



—*From "Happy, Hero and Judge."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on lonely nights," Hero because he chased a thief away from Mr. Dean's henhouse, and Judge because he could make up his mind about going fishing. Touches of green and red in the printing bring out the amusing drawings of Mr. Dean and his three dogs.

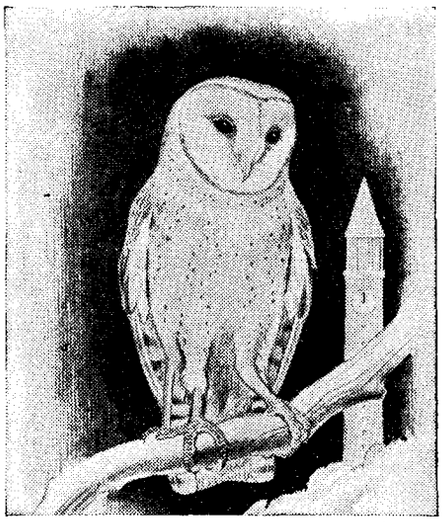
TOUGHEY. By Adele Steiner Burleson. Illustrated by Elizabeth Rice. Austin, Tex.: The Steck Co. 119 *pp.* $2.50.

This attractively made book has the double value of presenting experiences that will be unusual to most of its young readers, and yet recounting them so naturally that the whole scene is graphic and convincing. The Deering family go to spend the summer on a Texas ranch, where cotton and cattle are raised and where life is filled with novelty and adventure for young city dwellers. The jacket tells us that the story of this summer is a real one. This is made credible by the force and reality of the three children: Toughey, the eldest, who is twelve, and the two small sisters, toward whom she is alternately very bossy and very protective. Learning to live on horseback is the first adventure. Afterward come others that are coped with easily, such as hunting possum, coons, and skunks after darkness, and some that are perplexing and frightening, such as a rattlesnake suddenly encountered and the questionable doings of an escaped convict. The many pages that throw light on the ways of dogs and horses will give pleasure to animal lovers. The story holds its interest to the end.

—Marion C. Dodd.

ROSES FOR BONNY-BELLE. By Martha Gwinn Kiser. Illustrated by Becky. New York: Random House. 137 *pp.* $2.

This is a slight but pleasant little story for girls of twelve or thirteen. It is characterized by an artlessness of tone and content under which, however, is thoughtfulness and quite a bit of humor. Bonny-Belle, an orphan, has for many years lived in a foster home with a devoted "aunt" and "uncle." They are eager to adopt her legally and Bonny-Belle is as eager to have them. But the family's position is not yet equal to this step financially. Uncle Pugg is too easy-going to raise the family status to the level demanded by the County Board. The slender plot lies in the account of how Aunt Pugg, more aggressive and energetic than her husband, handles the situation and brings about the necessary changes—with Uncle Pugg's cooperation. So Bonny-Belle has the real hat that she so longed for to replace her sunbonnet. Her first walk abroad will be to the Courthouse for the adoption papers. Readers will feel, by the time the story is finished, a real affection for the characters and a satisfaction in the happy ending.



—*From "Owls."*

—M. C. D.

TEXAS TOMBOY. By Lois Lenski. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 180 *pp.* $2.50.

Lois Lenski's setting for this latest of her regional stories is a ranch in west Texas. The time is 1920. The Texas tomboy is Charlotte Clarissa, known to everyone on the Triangle Ranch as Charley Boy. Devoted to her father and to the ranch animals, she puzzles and worries her mother and sister and is more or less of a trial to her teacher. But it is a time of drought—three years without rain—and in the crisis on the ranch Charley Boy proves her value. She is an appealing character as Miss Lenski draws her, and the background is convincing. Then the rain comes, and the arid desert land blooms again.

End-papers show every detail of the ranch and will inform and interest the younger boys and girls who long for an experience with cows and horses.

WILD ANIMALS OF THE SOUTHWEST. By George Cory Franklin. Illustrated by L. D. Cram. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 214 *pp.* $2.50.

Here are fifteen stories of wild animals by the author of "Wild Animals of the Five Rivers Country." Mr. Franklin knows how to make the animals appealing and dramatic although he never gives them qualities that do not belong to them. This is natural history in dramatic form. Full-page illustrations in black and white and especially effective end-papers make the characters vivid and add to the value of the book.

SCHOOLROOM ZOO. By Catherine Woolley. Illustrated by Iris Beatty Johnson. New York: William Morrow & Co. 191 *pp.* $2.

The zoo began with a tiny red eft that Ellie found in the woods and carried home in a tin can. Then the boys in the third grade added a garter snake and, later, two hooded mice. It was a good thing that the third-grade teacher, Miss French, approved of a zoo because Ellie could not have kept her pets at home. Her sister, Esther, did not care for them. Things reached a climax in the school when a very large number of praying mantises hatched out of the queer little nest that Ellie found. The excitement spread, and a reporter and a photographer appeared from the town newspaper. Ellie found herself famous, with her picture on the front page. Next year the school was going to have a real zoo, housed in the room next to the third-grade classroom. Black and white drawings illustrate this pleasant story of real children and their pets.

OWLS. By Herbert S. Zim. Illustrated by James Gordon Irving. New York: William Morrow & Co. No paging. $2.

This is the seventh of Dr. Zim's studies of animals, birds, and reptiles for younger boys and girls. Like the others, it is set in large type and has a generous number of attractive illustrations. These drawings of the owl are especially good. There is an appealing one of a very young screech owl and a really beautiful one of a barn owl at night with a lighted clock tower behind him. All the books in this series of Dr. Zim's have value as picture books as well as scientific information for the older boys and girls.

THE PICTURE STORY OF HAWAII. By Hester O'Neill. Pictures by Ursula Koering. Philadelphia: David McKay Co. No paging. $2.50.

Like her "Picture Story of the Philippines" this history of Hawaii for boys and girls is in picture book form. It blends facts with colorful descriptions, bringing in the native fiesta days and some of the native legends. The drawings, printed in green, blue, red, and black, are on the margins of every page as well as the end-papers and the frontispiece. They show the people, some of them in native dress, the fruits, and the flowers. Both drawings and text draw the contrast between the old Hawaii, when many of the inhabitants were Polynesians, and the busy, modernized Hawaii of today. A list of native names and words gives the proper pronunciation.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Mr. Muehl sure can write. You don't skip a word; even the most sordid conditions are exquisitely portrayed."
—LOUIS FISCHER*

Interview with
INDIA
By John Frederick Muehl

"The real India seldom comes into our vision... It is this India that John Frederick Muehl has tried to interview...For six months, in 1948, he crisscrossed the countryside on horse, camel, bullock cart, foot and boat ...covering 2,300 miles, traversing deserts where his body blistered, jungles where backward tribes, cobras, tigers, and elephants live, living always in peasant huts ... That he survived it is a miracle."
—*Saturday Review**

"Superb ... Here is India as it has never been described before ..the book is unique, and it helps greatly that the author should write so well, at times even beautifully."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

"Muehl has written an honest, searching and altogether amazing study of Indian life which probably no other American reporter can imitate."—*Boston Globe*

At all bookstores • $3.50

THE John Day COMPANY

Sales Office: 2 W. 45th St., New York 19

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
BEETHOVEN AND A CONTEMPORARY		
BEETHOVEN: "FIDELIO" (Complete opera). Symphony Orch., Chorus of Mitteldeutsche Rundfunk, Leipzig, G. Pflüger; M. Bäumer, sop., H. Sauerbaum, ten., M. Hübner, bar., etc. Oceanic LP: OCLP 301 (3) (With complete libretto)	The immense value of this opera in a listenable complete LP performance far outweighs minor faults of presentation, I'd say; for many this will be the first complete hearing of a great work. Vocal performance is by mature-to-elderly cast (so it sounds), the approach intelligent, musical, vibrato-ridden. Orchestra is good to quite good, alive enough for thorough enjoyment. An over-all feeling of dramatic unity (rare enough in our own opera!) helps. The recording, done at special sessions, not from performance, is technically excellent (tape) except for some distortion in loud bass singers. Voices are taken close-up, though with good liveness behind. (Stage-distance technique is preferable, I think.) Spoken dialogue similarly close—it sounds hollow in the indoor space, where music sounds OK. The whole is a notable job and certainly to be commended, especially from a small company.	
BEETHOVEN: PIANO CONCERTO #1 IN C MAJOR. Walter Gieseking; Philharmonia Orch. (Anon. conductor). Columbia LP: ml 4307 BEETHOVEN: PIANO CONCERTO #3 IN C MINOR. Claudio Arrau; Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy. Columbia LP: ml 4302	One British-made, the other U. S.—the sound is surprisingly similar, especially in the pianos. England is learning our hard-tone piano technique, while we —at last—are softening the piano up! The Phila. Orch. has the more spacious sound; both orchestras are well balanced with the piano.	In this recorded medium these two artists are not notably different. Arrau seems more alive, expressive than in past Beethovens—the music must suit him. Gieseking shows mastery in phrasing, dynamics, controlled rapid passages but I'd hardly call this playing fabulous. His Philharmonia Orch. is plain sloppy. The Phila. is no more than thoroughly adequate.
BEETHOVEN: VIOLIN SONATA #7 IN C MINOR, OP. 30, #2. Szigeti and Horszowski. Columbia LP: ml 2097 (10")	The Szigeti fiddle, as often before, is close to mike, bit sharp, strident. (Is it his idea, or engineers'?) But piano is beautifully recorded, well balanced with violin; over-all results really excellent.	An exciting team here, and what the intense music must have (though S.'s recent slow vibrato is sometimes disconcerting). Horszowski carries this; his piano is tremendous.
BEETHOVEN: TRIO IN E FLAT, OP. 1, #1; TRIO #8 IN B FLAT. Artur Balsam, pf., Daniel Guilet, vl., André Navarra, cello. Concert Hall Lim. Ed. D 11	Evidently "apartment-recorded" on tape—sound is bit metallic, lacks space; strings are close, deadish. Even so, a listenable sound not impeding the music at all.	Beethoven's first published work and a most delightfully humorous one. Like a small Second Symphony. The performance here is lively and skilful—with complete understanding. Trio #8 is single short, lyric movement.
BEETHOVEN: IRISH AND SCOTCH SONGS. Helen Traubel; Coenraad Bos, pf., J. Pennington, vl., W. Evans, cello. Columbia LP: ml 2085 (10")	Excellent standard recording, proper balance between voice, violin, cello, piano.	A few of large collection set by Beethoven, Haydn, other notables, in early 1800's. These are sweetly elegant chamber arias—shows remarkably changed attitude now towards "arranging" of folk music! Traubel is her most overstuffed self, slightly inappropriate. Try Dyer-Bennett.
HUMMEL: SEPTET IN D MINOR, OP. 74. F. Holletschek, pf., C. Wanausek, fl., R. Spurny, ob., F. Koch, horn, G. Breitenbach, vla., N. Hubner, cello, J. Duron, bass. Westminster LP: WL 5018	Beautiful clarity of color, excellent resonance, sense of space. But piano wavers some (tape flutter?), record is heavily cut, like other late Westminsters; tends to distort. Not too bad.	Hummel was Beethoven's great contemporary — as Telemann was Bach's. This is interesting, colorful early romantic music (excepting some fine clichés, overdone codas). Intriguing hints of Schubert, Weber, Beethoven, et al. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PARIS

(Continued from page 21)

Notre Dame, the Sorbonne, the Pantheon, each knocking shop supposed to be closed, each saint and sinner.

The translation by Jacques Le Clerc is superb, except when he tries to put French texts of slang songs into American. There he comes a cropper, as everybody has.

Calet's father did not have his mind on Henri when the latter was begot, and never showed up later. The foster father was a deserter, felon, counterfeiter, and one of nature's noblemen who is recreated with such skill and tenderness that he belongs to all of us. The mother was in Moll Flander's class, a dame to end all loose dames.

Some writers get down to earth, but Calet goes them one better. He gets down to the people of the earth, which are all that matter. A few respectable characters creep into the text, with all their dull and foreign attributes, but they only serve to accentuate the main message, namely, that the mugs get all the pleasure.

Once when I was working on an American newspaper in Paris Aimee MacPherson called at the office on my night off to ask if the editor would designate someone to show her the evils of Paris. I have kicked myself ever since for having lost that rare opportunity, but I must admit Calet would have done a slightly better job. The book is so authentic in every particular that one's heart sings at the frailty of mankind concentrated in the Queen of Cities.

Actually, Calet felt no guilt on account of anything he did personally, having served a term in prison before birth. What an ideal beginning that is. We all should have its advantages, and those who read "Young Man of Paris" will enjoy them forever after.

The author is as modest as he is talented and writes as if his own existence were of the past, when obviously it is just beginning. No such an observer could be said to have seen it all. No Frenchman could be more French, and the stupid middle-class dopes who constitute such a large proportion of the French and other populations will detest and revile the book, the author, and all that is beyond the scope of their puny imaginations and courage.

I hope "Young Man of Paris" is not withheld from American children, who have the responsibility for the future of Democracy.

Elliot Paul is author of "The Last Time I Saw Paris" and the recently published "Springtime in Paris."

"Guilty of Arson?" writes Alfred Noyes about Nathan Milstein

• "This violinist, Milstein, could be arrested for arson. Everything he touches takes fire. His fingers are flame . . . but there's more than a brilliance of music, a dazzling bow and conspiracy of strings. Milstein plays with more than fire . . . he plays with all-consuming love."—*Alfred Noyes.*

Have you heard Nathan Milstein play
GLAZOUNOFF: CONCERTO IN A MINOR
MOZART: ADAGIO IN E
MOZART: RONDO IN C

We have put together in a little book, titled "Words and Music," photographs of the world's greatest artists, together with word sketches by 36 famous authors. If you would like a copy, write RCA Victor, Record Department 205, Camden, N. J.

New light on the writings of a strange genius

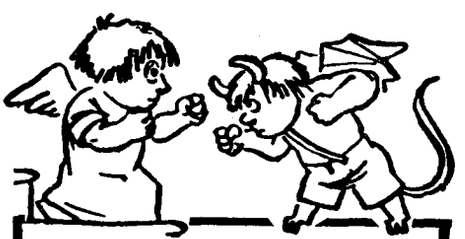
POEMS BY
Christopher Smart

Edited by Robert Brittain. A critical edition, with introduction and notes, of nearly 100 poems. More than half are reprinted here for the first time since their original publication in the 1700's, making it possible for the modern reader to recover the real Smart. *$4.00*

At your bookstore,
PRINCETON University Press

Learn French

No need to take a language course! Our Record-O-Guide (consisting of 128-page booklet and 7-inch unbreakable record) teaches you to understand and pronounce correctly the 1000 basic phrases needed for travel. Covers meals, hotels, shopping, sightseeing, railroads, 1950 exchange rates, etc. Also available in Italian and German, $1 each postpaid. Send money to Dover Publications, 1780 Broadway, N. Y. 19, Dept. SR2. Cash-back guarantee. **$1.**



"Much the most engaging of post-war Italian books . . . *about a village priest, Don Camillo, and his long feud with the Communist mayor. . . . The bland charm is enormous."*
—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N.Y. Times*

THE **Little World** OF **Don Camillo**

By GIOVANNI GUARESCHI

Book-of-the-Month Club Selection
At all bookstores, $2.75
PELLEGRINI & CUDAHY • New York 14

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE BRUTAL TRUTH"

"Bantam Books, Inc. believes its readers want to know the brutal truth about juvenile delinquents—and whether there is any hope for them," says the cover of ANGELS CAMP by Ray Morrison. Apparently this belief in a social worker's novel about the rehabilitation of one youngster was justified. For, about 250,000 readers bought ANGELS CAMP during its first four weeks on the newsstands.

• Here are the other Bantams now selling more than 100,000 copies a month:

The 8 Bantam Best-Sellers
(SEPTEMBER)

1. ANGELS CAMP *Ray Morrison*
2. HERITAGE OF THE RIVER *Muriel Elwood*
3. COTTON COUNTRY (The Finger of Night) *Hubert Creekmore*
4. UP AT THE VILLA *W. Somerset Maugham*
5. SINS OF NEW YORK *ed. by Milton Crane*
6. THE BLAZING LAND *Norman Collins* (Flames Coming Out of the Top)
7. PLEASURE ISLAND *William Maier*
8. MY FLAG IS DOWN *James Maresca*

Bantam Books, Inc.

I Got My First Break... When I Learned These Writing Secrets," says famous free-lance writer Jules Archer

Here's HOW You, Too, Can Give The Editors The Kind Of Writing They Will Pay Spot Cash For, NOW!—The Only Book Of Its Kind That Shows You HOW to FIND, DEVELOP and SELL Your Story Ideas To A Waiting Market.

DO you find yourself staring at a blank piece of paper wondering where your next idea is coming from? Are you getting rejection slips instead of checks?—Read "I Sell What I Write"! Looking for a practical, stimulating guide that shows a writer *how to make more money—this is it! Famous* free-lance writer Jules Archer gives you every secret of his success in writing, to follow. This book is not a treatise on literary quality, but a private source of wealth that finds plots for your stories and articles. OVER 100 ACTUAL CASE HISTORIES shows you how to plan writings so that they "sell". Contains step-by-step information about working through literary agents.

Every trick of the trade for your immediate use starts you making money at once.

PARTIAL TABLE OF CONTENTS

Becoming a professional writer; Short short stories; Confession stories; Women's stories; Juvenile stories; Reader-help articles; Serious articles; Children's articles and many others too numerous to mention in this space

"I SELL WHAT I WRITE" covers the entire field of writing and can be your key to becoming the literary success you want to be. Order NOW! Send Only $2.50 postpaid or receive C.O.D. and you pay postage.

Money back guarantee if not pleased.

FELL PUB. CO., DEPT. S9
386 4th Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

HOW TO GET YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED

Our basic policy is to encourage new authors. If you are looking for a publisher of your book (or pamphlet), learn how we can help you. Send us your manuscript or write today for Free Booklet FF.

VANTAGE PRESS, INC., 35 So. William St., New York 4

NEW EDITIONS

AMERICAN readers who are not already familiar with the paper-bound British Penguin and Pelican Books that are being imported and distributed by Allen Lane, Inc., of Baltimore, Maryland, should promptly remedy their ignorance. These attractive volumes are real pocket-books, flexible but firmly bound, ideal for traveler or vacationist, and the range of reading that they offer is wide and rich. Not all of them come within the scope of this departure—as a good many have been originally written for the series—but there are more interesting new editions, reprints, and new translations than I could mention in several columns, and I have been having a fine time with a selected number of them during the past few weeks. Among them are old friends, some in the new dress of new translations, while others are books that I have just now read with pleasure for the first time.

E. V. Rieu's translations of "The Iliad" (65¢) and "The Odyssey" (50¢) should probably be given precedence. Mr. Rieu's prose versions are modern, vigorous, colloquial, and—as far as I can judge by comparison with older, respected English versions—faithful. No barriers of style stand between the twentieth-century reader and one of the first and greatest of the world's storytellers. Then there is Mr. Rieu's rendering of Virgil's "Pastoral Poems" (35¢), as sweet and lively a translation of the "Eclogues" as I have ever read, and an edition that is made even more valuable by the translator's introduction and ten brief essays on the individual poems. Rex Warner's translation of Xenophon's "The Persian Expedition" (35¢) is, as it should be, plain, straightforward, steady-paced, readily readable; while H. Mattingly's little book "Tacitus on Britain and Germany" (35¢)—consisting of the "Agricola" and the "Germania"—goes far towards preserving in English the brilliant concision for which the Roman historian is famous.

Coming down the centuries with the Penguin translators, we find that Dorothy L. Sayers—of mystery-story fame, but also a scholar of long standing—has been remarkably successful in the difficult task of putting Dante's "Inferno" (65¢) into English verse that closely follows Dante's own diction and prosody. We find, too, that Philip Wayne's spirited, ingenious, verse translation of one of the most spirited, diverse, and at times wildly unclassical of modern "classics"—Goethe's "Faust" (35¢)—must, in all sobriety, be called nothing less than brilliant. H. N. P. Sloman gives us sound new English versions of Maupassant's "Boule de Suif and Other Stories" (35¢), including such well-tested favorites as "The Piece of String" and "Madame Tellier's Establishment." Gilbert Gardiner has done a smooth English version of Turgenev's "On the Eve" (35¢)—which, for those who do not already know the Russian novelist, is perhaps as good an introduction as any to his works—and has reminded us of the refreshment that may be found in Turgenev when one is weary of the fret and fever of contemporary fiction.

THERE is refreshment to be found, too, in Thomas Love Peacock's "Gryll Grange" (35¢), dominated by that ever-delightful character the Reverend Doctor Opimian, who once declared, among many other things, with magnificent certainty: "The day would fail, if I should attempt to enumerate the evils which science has inflicted on mankind. I almost think it is the ultimate destiny of science to exterminate the human race." Indeed, my very old friend "Gryll Grange" is for me the jewel of the Penguin fiction list, which includes such firmly established works as "Wuthering Heights" and Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" and such a special treat as the highly individual stories contained in A. E. Coppard's "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me" (35¢ each).

In the field of literary biography Edith Sitwell's "Alexander Pope" (35¢) is informed, clever, persuasive. P. P. Howe's "The Life of William Hazlitt" (65¢) is less clever, but thorough, sympathetic, and sound. Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart's "Memoirs of a British Agent" (35¢)—a fascinating account of his experiences in Russia before, during, and after the Revolution—makes good background reading for history in the making. Holbrook Jackson would have to alter few judgments were he alive to revise "The Eighteen Nineties" (35¢). And C. E. Montague's "A Writer's Notes on His Trade" (35¢) is still a joy. Montague loved and served letters well, and he was an adroit master of quotation.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself, Mr. Brown, who attended several of the conferences that produced these programs, likewise has faith. He deals soberly, however, with every facet of his subject matter. He surveys American commercial policy that winds a tortuous way from the high-tariff days of 1890 to the recent emergent multilateralism on which advocates of ITO and GATT pin their arguments. His exhaustive discussions of the conference sessions that produced the instruments and his clause-by-clause analysis of the actual documents might completely bog down casual readers. But interest should revive when he ties specific provisions to the present working-model schemes for European recovery, when he relates them to current American domestic legislation, and when he considers the major objections now being sounded through the land by business organizations. Heavy going but well worth the effort—if you yearn to understand what sort of economic shape top-level diplomats are trying to give the world.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS, by Robert Strausz-Hupé and Stefan T. Possony. McGraw-Hill. $6. A textbook of uncommon readability and uncommoner cynicism, this 947-page volume takes off from the disenchanted viewpoint that international politics is a game with only one important principle: the principle of power accumulation. Any country that goes in with other ideas is batting in the wrong league or, to follow the authors' analogy more closely, is sitting in at the wrong poker table. The players had better come well supplied with chips—a sound geographical position, a large and dynamic and increasing population, plenty of raw materials, and a powerful economy. The rules, say Messrs. Strausz-Hupé and Possony, are contained in "the art of the possible," which, freely translated, means doing as much as you can get away with. They seem to doubt that the times are propitious for revising the rules along more civilized lines; too many of the players insist, with good reason, on entering the game without checking their guns at the door. Right now there is a sizable pot in the middle of the table, and the only two contenders left represent the pooled democratic interests against the pooled dictatorship interests. Obviously, whoever wins is determined to use the pot for ends diametrically opposed to those of the other.

By way of elaborating on this thesis,

YOURS FREE

A catalog of all the titles in the famous

Modern Library

THE BEST OF THE WORLD'S BEST BOOKS IN BEAUTIFUL, INEXPENSIVE EDITIONS

Write for your *free* catalog to THE MODERN LIBRARY, Dept. C, 457 MADISON AVE., N. Y. 22

THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY

By J. Trevor Story

There was a great flurry when Harry—quite, quite dead was found on the heath. An engaging lunacy about some delightful eccentrics and their uninhibitions.

$2.00 AT ALL BOOKSTORES

MACMILLAN

PLAYWRITING

for Professionals and Beginners

STAGE — SCREEN — RADIO — TV

under the personal direction of

LAJOS EGRI

Author of "The Art of Dramatic Writing" (Simon & Schuster)

HATCHER HUGHES, *Columbia University, Drama Dept.:* "It is the best book that ever was written in America on the drama."

GEORGE FREEDLEY, *N. Y. Telegraph:* "Occasionally in your life time a book is published which says something to you so directly, so sharply that you wonder how you ever managed to go on without it before it becomes a part of your existence."

STERLING NORTH, *N. Y. Post:* "A masterpiece."

Register now for FALL TERM. Starts Oct. 16. Limited Enrollment.

EGRI SCHOOL OF WRITING

2 Columbus Circle (Tel. Circle 6-6121) New York 19, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the authors piece together huge quantities of information, all of which go to show how complicated is international politics, despite its apparently simple rules, and how rich the take. They also come up with numerous side remarks, some of which are penetrating comments on the game's progress and some downright kibbitzing. Their long discourse is therefore bound to give any adult reader several informing, and perhaps provoking, evenings.

HUMAN BONDAGE IN SOUTHEAST ASIA, by Bruno Lasker. University of North Carolina Press. $6. A pulling together of all pertinent materials on the subject outlined by its title, this book is a literary land-mine covered over and camouflaged by the burdensome trappings and dead-leaf prose style of impeccable scholarship. In fact, its subject matter is so explosive that Mr. Lasker may have done himself and—more important—the world a great disservice by not posting a few slightly sensational warning-notices. For, as the author says (and then goes on to prove to the satisfaction of anyone who will grant the facts), "The uprising of large sections of the population in [Southeast Asia] against their rulers makes sense only when we view it as the outcome of a pervading discontent, and that discontent rooted not alone in recent experience but in a long and hitherto unsuccessful striving for freedom and decent respect." Today's revolts cannot be explained away, he maintains, by simply seeing the hand of Moscow. It's there, of course, but it began stirring long after the kettle started boiling. Nor can they be attributed facilely to "imperialism," "nationalism," or a too-rapid exposure to Western influences and ideas. Human bondage in many forms, running the gamut from outright slavery to cruelly rigged labor markets, has been the portion of these people for centuries; now they're breaking out, albeit with much blindness and poor guidance, against subjection by white men and native rulers alike. To suppress these rebellions, Mr. Lasker implies, is to reforge the chains of bondage. His policy recommendations are slim and cautious, but they seem to be two-pronged: (1) allow each local society to work out its own arrangements of freedom within certain U. N. conventions, and (2) give them carefully planned and even more carefully administered economic help under Mr. Truman's Point IV. Unfortunately, Congress has already done its best to denature the latter. And Senator McCarthy's cohorts will see Red Russia on learning Mr. Lasker's sponsor to be the Institute of Pacific Relations. To anyone else, though, an authoritative book. —PETER R. LEVIN.

SWITZERLAND: A Democratic Way of Life, by André Siegfried. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3. Professor Siegfried, who has already been "inside" America, England, and South America, now climbs into Switzerland. Equipped with abundant statistics and charts, he describes its geography, population, economic life (internal and external), and finally its foreign relations. His admiration for its virtues is boundless, and what another commentator might consider faults (parochialism, smugness) he converts, usually by paradox, into virtues. It is a country which lends itself to paradox, for within its meager area exist three "races" (his term), four languages, and two main religions. Yet internally it has maintained peace for centuries, along with a thoroughly democratic system of government based on a central federation, cantons, and communes. Externally it has maintained an adamantine, and usually profitable, neutrality for more than a century.

As an expert in economic geography, Professor Siegfried is especially adept in showing the intricate forces —centripetal and centrifugal, as he calls them—which give Switzerland its stable prosperity and its striking uniqueness. Despite the implication of the subtitle ("a way of life") its democracy—unlike watches, chocolates, and cheese—is definitely not for export. In general this study is only moderately interesting and marred by several faults. One is the author's frequent attempts to achieve nuance. What is the reader to make of this sentence, for example: "I should hesitate to say that certain cantons are less authentically Swiss than others, but perhaps one might suggest that some are more so than others." For such a brief book (200 pages) he is often repetitious, and has been ill-served by a remarkably inept translation. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Tennyson: "The May Queen." 2. Hunt: "Abou Ben Adhem." 3. Milton: "Lycidas." 4. Arnold: "The Forsaken Merman." 5. Sill: "The Fool's Prayer." 6. Coleridge: "Christabel." 7. Fitzgerald: "The Rubaiyat." 8. Scott: "Marmion." 9. Macaulay: "Horatius." 10. Byron: "Maid of Athens." 11. Emerson: "Concord Hymn." 12. Noyes: "The Highwayman." 13. Field: "Little Boy Blue." 14. Kipling: "Recessional." 15. Shelley: "Ode to the West Wind." 16. Shakespeare: "Julius Caesar." 17. Poe: "The Raven." 18. Herrick: "Corinna's Maying." 19. Gilbert: "The Mikado." 20. Longfellow: "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special, intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 30¢.

BOOK PLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Several hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

BOOKFINDERS! Scarce, unusual books quickly supplied, send wants. CLIFTONS, Box 1377, Beverly Hills, Calif.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free 30-page catalogue. MIDWEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Michigan.

BOOK. OUT-OF-PRINT. HARD-TO-FIND. Banker Book Co., Dept. 53, Sherman Oaks, Calif.

BOOKS

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1902. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF LITERATURE — History, Americana, Fiction, Science, etc., on hand. Catalogues issued. Inquiries invited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

WANT TO OPEN A BOOKSHOP? We'll sell you an excellent basic stock of 5000 new and used out-of-print books for only $750 f.o.b. Yonkers. These will fill a medium-sized shop. If you like, we'll even give you some solid bookselling pointers. ALICAT BOOK SHOP, 287 South Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.

3000 SCARCE BOOKS ON HAND. If the one you want is not on hand, I'll find it for you. DELLA MONTGOMERY, R. No. 6, Box 53 B, South Bend, Ind.

SPANISH BOOKSELLER, New mail order catalogue 25¢. 5225 Wilshire, Los Angeles, Calif.

RECORD MART

COMPLETE MAIL-ORDER SERVICE—same day shipments. Records guaranteed all brand new. Catalogue, 15¢ deductible from first order. DISCOUNT RECORD CLUB, Box 99-B.

WANTED: Recording made by Gertrude Stein and Victor Album P.31. Box 592-D.

SELL LP RECORDS, 10% commission, all labels, factory fresh, free delivery, satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue furnished. F-L, Box 19-A, NYC 35, NY.

LP RECORDS—write for free catalogue, HERALD NON-BREAKABLE Record Col, 6722 Sprague St., Philadelphia 19, Pa.

LP RECORDS! All makes from all companies. We specialize in Mail Orders—prepay postage on 3 records or more—guarantee safe arrival. Our service is famous for over 12 years! Our LOWER PRICES will convince you! Latest SCHWANN LP catalogue FREE on request! RECORD COLLECTORS' EXCHANGE, 76 W. 48 St., NYC 19.

STUDY COURSES

CONCERT PIANIST, graduate European Conservatories, Juilliard, open intermediate, advanced pupils. JAN HOLCMAN, 514 West 114 St. NYC. Apt. 61, Riverside 9-9452, or BUtterfield 8-4704.

DEVELOP YOUR PERSONALITY through singing. Vocal instruction by ENRICO D'AMICIS, noted teacher recommended by Lauritz Melchior. Reasonable rates. 315 West 57th Street, NYC 19. COlumbus 5-1153.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 3-1364.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED—proficiently, promptly, inexpensively. MARTHA LEONARD, 32-52 55 Street, WOODSIDE, L. I., AStoria 4-7674.

QUALITY MANUSCRIPT TYPING at moderate rates. GLADYS & IRENE LEAHEY. Room 3414, 551 FIFTH AVE., NYC MUrray Hill 7-2227.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed, 19 West 44 St., NYC 18.

MANUSCRIPT, thesis typing, editing, rewriting service. Prompt, efficient. LINDA DUBESTER, NYC. JErome 7-9112.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS; Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

ETHEL WAUGH, Agent, manuscript typing, ghostwriting, scripts marketed. 125 West 58 St., NYC 19. JUdson 6-1809.

LITERARY AGENTS 30 Years. We sell short stories, articles, books, radio-scripts, plays, verse. Constructive criticism for new writers. Personal representation for established authors. Editing, revision. Write for information, references. ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colo.

GHOST WRITING ARTICLES, THESES, books, speeches, revision, NEIL FARBER ASSOCIATES, 1472 Broadway, Room 612, NYC, 18.

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE? Writing short stories, articles, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your spare time we teach you to write the way newspaper men learn—by writing. Free "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. Veterans! This Course approved for Veterans' Training. Write today! NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, Suite 5210-P, One Park Ave., NYC 16, N. Y.

REVOLT AGAINST FORMULA! EXCEPTIONAL Novels, Stories, Plays, Articles marketed. CHARLES CHUPET (Yale Drama School '29). Authors' Representative. 5657 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Superior work done quickly and reasonably. MURIEL KNAPP, 135 East 39 Street, NYC. MUrray Hill 4-6146.

MANUSCRIPT, THESIS TYPING, EDITING—Prompt, reasonable; J. ZACHARY, 74 Prescott Turn, Clark-Rahway, N. J. Rahway 76723.

LANGUAGES

LINGUAPHONE MAKES LANGUAGES EASY. At home learn to speak Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, French, German, Russian or any of 29 other languages by quick, easy Linguaphone Conversational Method. You learn by listening. Save time, work, money. Another language is a business, social asset. Send for FREE book. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 26-P, Radio City, NYC 20.

FRENCH conversation, diction, grammar. Expert training by Parisienne (Sorbonne University) NYC. REgent 7-4606.

PERSONALS

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., NYC 18. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering weekend rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (three nights) single room and bath, $15; double room and bath, $22; sitting room, bedroom and bath, $28. Air-conditioning available at $1.50 per day additional. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance better shops and theatres.

DOUBLE-CROSTIC FANS (and other readers of SRL) can find new stimulus in non-verbal activity. Get away from words in one of the sixty-five courses given by a faculty of well-known artists at one of the country's great art schools. Meet once-a-week: Mondays or Wednesdays at 12:30 PM; Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 PM; other weekday afternoons and evenings at 4:00 or 7:30 PM. Write or phone for free catalogue 8 outlining our Fall Courses. Brooklyn Museum Art School, Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn 17, NYC. Phone: NEvins 8-4486.

PERSONALS

VINECOTE FARM. Writers. Seclusion and quiet this winter. Three room cottage apartment adjoining eighteenth century home. Mountain view. Modern bathroom and kitchenette $35 monthly. Florence Williams—VINECOTE—Ghent, NY.

ARE YOU A DEVOTEE OF THESPIS? Revel in the pages of Theatre or Stage Magazine. Replete with wonderful photographic illustrations, 1900-1940. Single copy, $2; 5 copies, $8.75; 10 copies $15. Bound volume, 6 issues $13.50. Box 162-V.

SALE—PRE-REVOLUTIONARY 7 room house fully modernized oil central heat—hot water—two fireplaces—paneled dining room—mile from Cornwall, New York—on edge of forest—40 mile view—quiet and secluded. New York 1¼ hours by Parkway. $10,000. Easy terms. Box 570-D.

WANTED: Interesting Chess sets. Send description and price. Box 571-D.

SHIPMATES WANTED by young owners, repeating adventurous sailing cruise Bahamian Islands & British West Indies. Leave early November. Share pleasures & expense ($350 per month) exploring tropical islands in 53 ft. auxiliary schooner. We love debating (will tutor) economics, philosophy, navigation. Can also use 1-2, sailing South leaving Boston—October 10. Please write Henry VanL. Baay, Marblehead, Mass.

WOMAN, European background, wishes position companion-housekeeper. Wholesome cooking, own room. Box 573-D.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN spending winter in Ecuador, welcomes commissions for source material of artistic or scientific nature. Box 575-D.

DON'T DISCARD OLD HATS. Complete Restyling from $12.50. Jerben's, 15 East 48 St. Custom-made Hats and Dresses. Colors matched.

REGISTERED NURSE. Wishes position as companion. Willing to travel. Box 577-D.

PRIVATE CONDUCTED TOUR through England—France—Switzerland—Italy, for three months, with own car. Leaving October 5. $1000. NYC, REgent 4-3121.

INTERESTED IN EXCHANGING unusual—preferably foreign—food recipes? Am eager to share mine, learn others. Answer guaranteed. Box 579-D.

FORMING PARTY EXPLORE FLORIDA October, hired, car, or will join private car group. Box 580-D.

WOULD EXCHANGE 8 ROOM COLONIAL HOUSE, oil burner, electric kitchen, Woodstock, N. Y., for apartment for couple and one child, ground floor or elevator. Village or Mid-town. K. Downer, Woodstock.

COLUMBIA AREA. Room for discriminating young woman—couple's spacious apartment. Box 584-D.

HOME: OCTOBER-JUNE. For responsible young couple in the country. Located 2 miles from Ridgefield, Connecticut. RENT FREE, but pay for heat and utilities. I will be out week-ends. Children for the holidays. Here's a real home for the right people. Box 585-D.

MATURE MAN, sound of mind and body, with knowledge of and essentially interested in country employment such as a working caretaker of summer home or country estate, wishes for congenial job. A good place to work and live more important than money. Box 600-D.

JOHN DAY SAYS "You've an HOUR OF GLORY in store for you October 12."

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense week-ends from $9.39 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

FLORIDA RENTAL WANTED, October fortnight. Modest, good beach, quiet. Box 596-D.

LUCRATIVE OPPORTUNITY FOR NURSING HOME. Ideal property available partly furnished. Beautiful location. North Carolina. Box 594-D.

YOUNG GAG WRITER will correspond with humorous individuals. Box 557-D.

FRENCH CAN BE FUN! Speak it in 12 lessons. Parisian, NYC. MUrray Hill 5-4160.

IF YOU READ THE EGYPTIAN—the ADVENTURER is great news. September 22.

VACATION IN ARIZONA. Excellent accommodations with good wholesome food. Riding, swimming, beautiful view. 5100 feet on Mexican border. Montezuma Ranch, Star Route, Hereford, Arizona.

PERSONALS

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, WASHINGTON, D. C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information.)

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE. Helen Trimpe, 342 Madison Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 2-5330.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

WIDOW DESIRES FARM, ACREAGE, direct owner, commuting National Capital. Small payment down—substantial monthly payments. Box 607-D.

WATER FRONT sustenance farm. Colonial house—every comfort. Cottages. Business. Scenery. $18,000. HAYNES. Huntington, Mass.

REALLY MUST be seen. Living room 15x25x22 high, studio window, stone fireplace. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, large playroom, bar, copper sink. Tool room, laundry, sundeck, heated garage. Nearly acre, landscaped, overlooking Ramapo mountains. Easy commuting, all improvements, schools near. $23,500, no agents. Box 608-D.

JOB WANTED: Full or part time. Advertising, sales promotion, publicity, editorial. Copy, rough layouts, production. Excellent references. Box 609-D.

PUBLISHER-WRITER seeks girl Friday, secretary, research assistant. Similar experience or college research background essential. Box 602-D.

COLLEGE HONOR GRADUATE (Male) seeks interesting, remunerative position. Box 604-D.

NEW, small, attractive Desert home, away from heavy industry in California's Coachella Valley. Full price $4250. Box 591-D.

STYLUS #3 includes "Symbolism of Kafka's THE CASTLE". For sample copy, write 2519 Madison Avenue, Granite City, Illinois.

BEAUTIFUL European oil paintings; outstanding art; many subjects; unbelievable bargains: $15 to $25 each, unframed, postpaid. Atlantic International Corp., 535 Fifth Ave., NYC 17.

VACATIONS

THE WATERFRONT STUDIOS for an island holiday. References. Ruth Haviland Sutton, Nantucket, Massachusetts.

MERRIEBROOK, POUGHQUAG, NEW YORK. Peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. North Clove 2421.

AUTUMN AT BLUEBERRY HILL. Blazing foliage. Staggering mountain views. Lucullan food. Brandon, Vermont.

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y. Excellent accommodations, private lake, 4 tennis courts, music, library. Adults only.

SUDBURY INN at Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. provides best in country vacations.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

NAIDNI-ON-LAKE DUNMORE for vacations any time of the year. The Brittens, Brandon, Vermont.

SEA VILLAGE INN, STONINGTON, CONN. Ancient fishing port, piece of Nantucket in Connecticut. From $35 weekly. Folder.

VACATION IN ARIZONA. Excellent accommodations with good wholesome food. Riding, swimming, beautiful view. 5100 feet on Mexican border. Montezuma Ranch, Star Route, Hereford, Arizona.

SKY HOLLOW FARM for fall vacations. Woods, fields, fall colors, unpretentious living. Excellent food served family style. Limited number. Write information, Mary Gibson, Rochester, Vermont.

BERKSHIRES, SUN-INSIDE, MONTEREY, Mass. charming spot, wonderful French food.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful Fall vacationland. Restful, sports. Library. Delicious meals. $35 weekly. Folder.

PODY'S, HOPEWELL JUNCTION, N. Y.—an artist in the kitchen—gourmet meals, congenial small group. Magnificent views, swimming, sports, art. NYC PLaza 8-2486.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 860

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The gift of finding valuable or agreeable things not sought for.	142 163 157 6 111 44 21 130 61 38 169
B. Things or persons inexplicable.	28 137 17 155 7 53 168
C. Mountain in Adirondacks, northeast of Marcy, in "Great Range" 4,225 feet (2 wds.).	25 113 123 101 102 110 41 138
D. Bohemian religious reformer burned at the stake for heresy (1369?-1415).	120 1 52 45
E. Without taste or savor.	128 31 91 153 86 170 164
F. Third innermost satellite of Saturn.	30 8 121 39 20 134
G. Russian-born American noted violinist (1891-).	10 19 15 140 93
H. Australian United Nations mediator in the Kashmir dispute (full name).	100 124 147 74 63 4 78 166 154
I. Highest mountain in the Umbrian Apennines.	175 40 59 136 37 150
J. Prime Minister of Pakistan (2 wds.; title omitted).	139 135 18 79 58 26 177 51 70 97
K. Capital of Communist China, April 1948-Jan. 1949.	56 156 2 29 16
L. Government funds advanced to enable a person to discharge his duties.	11 60 88 9 85 158 151
M. Small particles.	99 174 48 13

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. German concert and Wagnerian soprano at the Met. 1898 (1872-1932).	119 125 72 65 27 36
O. Having no tail, as frogs and toads (zool.).	75 22 80 131 143 103 127
P. National monument near Walla Walla, Washington, to a man and wife slain by Indians, 1847.	167 116 64 161 129 172 54
Q. Relating to a cavity or sinus.	176 76 145 165 68 49
R. The opah.	5 73 12 173 114 46 82 162
S. A term of art, most commonly applied to a sculptured likeness.	77 152 144 178 23 90
T. Historical character in two Shakespeare plays and in Dryden's "All for Love."	95 62 55 42 108 141
U. Offered or undertaken provisionally.	109 50 180 84 24 96 32 146 71
V. Use of a new word, or old one with new meanings not yet sanctioned by conventional good usage.	160 132 179 3 57 33 81 47 106
W. Bettered; ameliorated.	83 171 89 67 117 149 92 104
X. American printer and type designer of over ninety type faces (1865-1947).	105 159 118 112 126
Y. Natural rock pile of fantastic shape (Western U.S.).	34 14 43 69 87 98
Z. Lacking in sensitive mental perception.	35 122 66 115 148 107 94 133

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

				1 D	2 K	3 V	4 H	5 R	6 A		7 B	8 F	9 L	10 G		11 L	12 R
13. M	14. Y	15 G	16 K	17 B	18 J		19 G	20 F	21 A	22 O	23 S		24 U	25 C	26 J	27 N
28 B		29 K	30 F		31 E	32 U	33 V	34 Y	35 Z		36 N	37 I		38 A	39 F	40 I
	41 C	42 T	43 Y	44 A	45 D		46 R	47 V		48 M	49 Q	50 U	51 J	52 D	53 B	54 P
55 T		56 K	57 V	58 J	59 I		60 L	61 A	62 T	63 H		64 P	65 N		66 Z	67 W
68 Q	69 Y	70 J	71 U	72 N		73 R	74 H		75 O	76 Q		77 S	78 H	79 J	80 O	81 V
82 R	83 W	84 U	85 L		86 E	87 Y	88 L	89 W	90 S		91 E	92 W	93 G	94 Z	95 T	96 U
97 J	98 Y	99 M		100 H	101 C		102 C	103 O	104 W	105 X	106 V	107 Z	108 T	109 U		110 C
111 A	112 X		113 C	114 R		115 Z	116 P	117 W	118 X	119 N	120 D	121 F		122 Z	123 C	124 H
125 N	126 X	127 O		128 E	129 P	130 A	131 O	132 V	133 Z	134 F	135 J	136 I	137 B	138 C		139 J
140 G	141 T		142 A	143 O	144 S	145 Q		146 U	147 H	148 Z	149 W	150 I	151 L		152 S	153 E
154 H	155 B	156 K	157 A	158 L		159 X	160 V		161 P	162 R	163 A		164 E	165 Q	166 H	167 P
168 B	169 A		170 E	171 W	172 P	173 R	174 M	175 I	176 Q	177 J	178 S	179 V	180 U			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

PRINTED BY
BLANCHARD PRESS
NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ever doodle like this?

WHEN YOU'RE DAYDREAMING perhaps you, like most people, find yourself doodling pictures of the things you want most.

Maybe there's a house you have in mind you'd like to build.

Or you're wondering which college you'd like your child to attend a few years from now. Or maybe you'd like to own a *brand-new* automobile someday.

One sure way to take your daydreams out of the doodling stage—and make 'em come true—is to set aside part of your salary regularly in U. S. Savings Bonds.

Week after week, month after month, your savings will grow and grow and grow. Furthermore, in ten short years, you get back $4 for every $3 you set aside.

So sign up on the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you have a checking account.

Start making your daydreams come true *right now!*

Automatic saving is sure saving—U.S. Savings Bonds

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Twenty-four

OF THE FINEST PAINTINGS OF

VINCENT VAN GOGH

Reproduced in miniature by The Metropolitan Museum of Art

PRICE FOR THE FULL SERIES *[with album]* $1.00

A Sidewalk Café at Night

Irises

La Berceuse

Portrait of the Artist

THIS PROJECT was first begun by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, experimentally, in December, 1947. The Museum found itself unequipped to handle the details involved, and therefore requested the Book-of-the-Month Club, of New York, to act as its national distributor. The selection of subjects and the preparation of the color prints remain wholly under the supervision of the Museum. All matters having to do with distribution are handled by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

ALL MINIATURES ARE OF THIS SIZE—IN FULL COLOR

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A259
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please send me the new set of TWENTY-FOUR MINIATURES *in full color* of the paintings of VINCENT VAN GOGH—together with the Album prepared for it—and information about other available Metropolitan Museum Miniatures. Price for the full series, with album, $1.00.

☐ Check here if you want succeeding series.
See opposite—subscription cancellable at any time.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *Zone* .... *State* .....

DO NOT ENCLOSE MONEY • A BILL WILL BE SENT

POSTAGE AND HANDLING CHARGE, WHICH WILL NOT EXCEED 5¢, WILL BE ADDED

This striking set is the latest example of one of the most exciting developments in art education—both for adults and young people—ever undertaken. For two years The Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, has been making fine Miniatures, in full color, of its most famous works of art. So far it has completed over 240.

With each set of 24, it provides an Album in which the Miniatures can be affixed in given spaces; and under each one you find fascinating information about what is pictured.

Thus each Album, with its Miniatures, *is like a guided visit through the Museum under the instruction of an expert*—with the advantage that the Albums become treasured possessions, to be referred to whenever the spirit moves. In fact, the Museum's objective is to enable collectors, in time, to have "a complete Museum of Art in miniature in the home."

Short of guided visits in the Museum itself, under instruction and over a long period, no more thorough and no more interesting way has ever been devised of providing a complete education in the entire history of art.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE SUCCEEDING SERIES—simply indicate your wishes on the coupon. The Museum has in preparation sets of Miniatures (24 each, with Album) on the following subjects: 20th-Century American Painters, Chinese Art, French Art of the 19th Century; Paintings of the Early Renaissance, Paintings of the Late Renaissance and Art of the Middle Ages. Each set sells for $1 with Album. Your subscription is cancellable at your pleasure, at any time.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED